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A NARRATIVE

OF THE

LIFE, TRAVELS AND RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE,

OF

GEORGE W. BATCHELDER,

From his Birth, in the year 1803, to the year 1843,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

Stablish your hearts; for the coming of the Lord draweth near. *James, v.* 8.
A double minded man is unstable in all his ways. *James, i.* 8.

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PREFACE.

Although I am aware that there are many works similar to the present published, and widely circulated in the community—works which can justly claim greater merit than my own—works written by men of eminent piety, learning and brilliant talent—yet, to discharge from my mind a strong conviction of duty, and with a hope that I may realize a strong and increasing desire to do good, I venture to send this into the world, and especially into the circle of my fellow mechanics, and the

inexperienced in the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ.

In engaging in this duty, I have two prominent objects in view. 1. To warn the young in religion against instability, which I have observed to be an abounding evil among the young, and for which my own life was notorious. An evil, against which the apostles have lifted their voice of warning and alarm. An evil, which, though not a sin of itself, yet it is the doorway to apostacy, in all its horrible degrees, and to infidelity, with all its numberless train of crimes and blasphemy.

2dly. To encourage all those who through instability have, or may apostatize from Christ, or backslide from religion, to return. "To repent and do their first works." Notwithstanding we are warned against the crime, and urged to go on to perfection, and and exhorted "not to lay the founda-

tion for repentance and faith from dead works," yet the sacred word of God declares "Return, oh ye backsliding Israel, for I was married to you, and I will heal your backslidings; and will love you freely." On this point, my own experience strongly corroborates the scriptures, and holds out boldly encouragement to such in a practical form. Often! oh, too often! have I fallen, shamefully fallen, and, by my backsliding, caused the wounds of my crucified Redeemer to bleed afresh—the tears of friends to flow profusely—and the cause of God to suffer; but as often have I, through the mercy of God, and blood of the everlasting covenant, arisen again, and arisen, too, for the last time until I shall arise to heaven, with my Lord to reign. Although I do adopt the language of the poet,

"Ah, Lord, with trembling I confess,
A precious soul may fall from grace."

I can as truly continue my song with an air of joy and triumphant truth, that

> "He speaks my paradise restored,
> Redeems me by his grace alone."

While I show you the rock on which I have made shipwreck of faith and a good conscience, I would point you to the life boat of a sinful world, "Jesus Christ, who saves to the utmost all them that come unto God by him."

GEO. W. BATCHELDER.

CHAPTER I.

His birth, etc. The decease of his pious mother, etc. The powerful influence of her religious example and precepts. His advice to parents, etc.

I WAS born in the city of Philadelphia, State of Pennsylvania, on the 12th day of November, in the year 1803. Of my father I know but little; he died at a distance from home, leaving my mother in low circumstances, with several children to support, of which I was the youngest. When I was about seven years old, my mother embraced the religion of Jesus Christ—was baptized by the Rev. Mr. Peckworth, (a Baptist Preacher,)—and joined his Church. She began her Christian journey as she ended it, in the fervent spirit of her Master. She was a burning and

a shining light, evincing to all that she could suffer, as well as do, the will of God.

Soon I began to feel the influence of her pious instruction and Godly example on my heart. She would take me by the hand, with a sister who was next in years to myself, and lead us to her 'closet of prayer,' that we might behold her tears, and witness her supplications for all her children. My affection seemed to increase for my mother as her depth of piety was unfolded to my young mind. When I was about nine years of age, my mother sent me into the country to see one of my brothers, who lived on a farm in Montgomery county, eighteen miles from the city, with a family of Friends, commonly called Quakers, who were so kind to me that it was thought best for me to continue with them. Indeed, I cannot speak of the family, (whose names were

Ellis,) but with warm feelings of gratitude and affection. I was taught to call the heads of this family, uncle and aunty. Although I was now deprived of the fostering care that flows from parental affection, and though my new uncle and aunty did not lead me to the closet of prayer, yet they carefully watched over my moral character; and the religious impressions that had already been made upon my mind, could not easily be obliterated. I still prayed, taking care, however, that no one should hear me. One evening it was suggested to my mind that I must pray louder than I was in the habit of doing, or God would not hear me. I knelt down by my bed and prayed aloud; the next morning my aunty asked me the cause of the noise in my room the night before. I felt so confused and ashamed, that, to hide it, I told her that I was reading by the light of the moon; she

told me that they knew I was praying, and she was sorry that I would tell such an untruth about it; assuring me at the same time that they had no objections to my praying. I was more careful in future, however. I wanted to enjoy, even at this time, what my mother enjoyed, but I knew not how to come at it.

Sometimes my uncle would take me with him to the city when he went to market, to see my mother; and oh! these were precious moments. My uncle would give me a few pennies to buy notions for myself, but I was careful to lay them out for her, who was to me more than all things else beside. At one time I bought a loaf of bread. I knew that my mother was poor. I folded it up in my handkerchief, and then with a glad heart and a quick step I was soon at my mother's door. She could scarcely refrain from tears at see-

ing my affection for her. But oh! such a mother! I would receive her blessing and return again to my uncle.

When I was about eleven years of age, my sister came out on a visit to see myself and brother. She had been there but a few days, when a message arrived, informing us of the illness of our mother, and requesting us to return home. Her illness was such, that the physicians entertained but little hope of her recovery. My kind uncle immediately started with us to the city. We found her a very sick woman. Being of a delicate constitution, and laboring beyond her strength to provide for her children, she was attacked with cold and bilious fever, by which she was thus reduced. At the sight of her children she suddenly revived, and all fears of her death for the present were banished from us. My brother then returned to the country. But as it was

my wish to stay a few days, it was cheerfully consented to by my uncle.

My mother's sudden amendment, occasioned by our arrival, however, proved to be no more than a momentary one, in which she might set her house in order, to counsel and pray for her children, which being done, she relapsed again, almost as suddenly as she had revived, and in a few days I was called to witness her last moments.

On the day of her death she appeared to be in a deep sleep, perfectly quiet and free from all pain. I remained with her, until my distress became so great that I was constrained to leave the room, and retired to a lonely spot and supplicated the throne of God for her life to be prolonged. Soon after my re-entering her room, however, she expired without a sigh, groan, or struggle.

Her last moments were such as have

afforded me lasting comfort to the present. The same composure and entire resignation which was so remarkable in all her sufferings, was manifest to the last. I was now left to mourn the loss of one of the most affectionate and sympathizing parents that ever any child was blessed with. Although I was but eleven years of age when I lost her, and many years have elapsed, yet well do I remember the parting scene, when I kissed, for the last time, those pallid lips, now sealed in repose until the resurrection morn. And now, dear reader, suffer me for a moment to dwell on the influence of a pious and godly mother's example upon her children.

It is true, that the influence of a pious father affects his offspring to a great extent, but how few there are who remember their father's prayers and tears that are offered up to God for their salvation, when compared with the ma-

ny who make mention of the unwearied solicitude and prayers of a pious mother offered up in their behalf. How very many are indebted to a mother's precept and example for their moral and religious character.

Dear reader, if you are a mother, let me beseech you by that love you have for your tender offspring, that you try to fill their minds with the love of truth, and train them up for God. Oh! how your influence operates upon the heart of your child when you think not of it. While absent from you, this, like the invisible leven in the lump, is working to form the religious character of your beloved one. And even when you are in the cold grave, your offspring will not forget the good or evil example, which by you was set before them in life. How must Samuel have blessed God for such a mother as Hannah, who dedicated him to his God in infancy.

And young Timothy, with what delight must he have dwelt on the faithful care and early instruction of a pious mother in the precious book of God. And also a Wesley, he had a mother of blessed memory.

Think of the little prattler, looking up to the heavens, gazing on those stars that glitter in the evening sky, and hear him ask, mother who made those twinkling stars? And the kind mother replies with an affection that can not be described, that God, who made all things, and who lives in the heavens above the stars, made them; and that he is the giver of all our blessings.

Thus she will conduct his little mind from the stream, to the fountain from whence they flow. Then, from its bended knee before the throne, she teaches it to raise its eyes and say, "our Father who art in Heaven," &c.

Now, dear mother, if this be your

manner of training your little ones, you shall be called blessed among women.

CHAPTER II.

The bad effects of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress on his mind. The effects of a Sermon preached by a Friend. His apprenticeship to a Blacksmith. His resolution against profane swearing. How he obtained a Bible, etc.

But to return. I now felt that I had lost my earthly all. In a few days I returned to my uncle with a heavy heart. Though they were all kind to me and my brother, who lived with the same family, yet I had no friend like the one I had lost. For a long time her image was constantly before me. As I was sure that she had gone to heaven, I felt determined to meet her there; but I knew not how to get there. I prayed much, but was still unhappy. There were many sins which in my

childhood gave me much trouble, and the strongest temptation which assailed me, and as often overcame me, was that of a shame to pray and live a religious life. To please a vain and idle companion, and for fear of being despised, I would profess a pleasure in that kind of conversation that sported with the religion of Christ. At the same time my heart was pained within me. I was constantly striving to hide my convictions, yet I dared not stop praying, but secretly I would call upon the Lord.

About this time some one of the family brought 'Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress' into the house, which I read over and over—it being the first religous book, except the Bible, that I ever read. This book I did not understand, and, as I took it in the literal sense, I did not derive any benefit therefrom. This so affected my mind that I became

bewildered; so much so, that I had to resort to medical treatment for my recovery.

At length my uncle discovered the cause of my affliction, and the book was locked up, and I saw it no more.

Abut this time I had a dream, which was a great comfort to me. I dreamed I went to heaven, and was welcomed by the blessed Saviour, who took special pains to make me feel at home. I had all I could wish to make me happy, and I was happy.

I now went to a meeting at a schoolhouse about a half mile from my uncle's, held by a Friend. I think his name was John Comly. This man preached Jesus as the only way to heaven, and in such a manner that his words flew one after another to me, and lodged in my heart: and while the tears ran down his cheeks, I felt ready to cry aloud for mercy; but as I perceived no other one

in the same condition, I strove against it, and returned home despairing of ever finding mercy. Thus time passed on until I had attained my fifteenth year.

My uncle now concluded that I should go to a trade. He put me with one John Bickens, a blacksmith in Roxborough, nine miles above Philadelphia. To this man I was bound an apprentice for the term of five years.

Now it was that I began to feel that I was friendless in this world. It is true that my master was generally kind. But oh! how my heart was grieved when I was compelled to hear, what I never was accustomed to hear before, namely, wicked and profane swearing. I found this to be the habit of the entire neighborhood.

Now again the pious prayers and instructions of my mother came afresh into my recollection, and I resolved,

with God's help, never to swear while I lived, let the consequence be what it might.

My master called me a Quaker, because I would not swear, but, through the continued mercies of God, I was preserved from it. I began now to love company, and frequently broke loose from my conscience, and indulged in sports and plays such as were common in the neighborhood.

My prayers were less frequent than formerly, and, upon the whole, my mind more alienated from the right way. Pleasing scenes of vanity were now presented to my imagination, and I was hastening toward destruction. When I was seventeen years old, being at a tavern one evening where there was a dance, (in which, by the way, it was the practice of master and servant to participate;) but it so happened at this time that my master wanted me

for something special. Accordingly he came to the tavern after me. I think I was about to engage in the dance when he caught hold of me, and, in a rough manner, bid me go home; and at the same time calling me his Quaker, asking me what I thought my uncle would say if he saw me shaking my legs after the fiddle. This reproof reached my heart, and it seemed as if the very judgment of God fell upon my poor soul like a consuming fire. I hurried home, and was soon after alone. My past history now passed in review before me, and if ever I longed to be delivered from such vanities, I did at this moment. But, alas! I knew not how to escape, and I had none to instruct me. Oh! how I longed for some one to teach me what to do to extricate myself from the snares of Satan.

I now determined to obtain a Bible; but I had no money. My master had

given me a week in harvest to earn pocket money, with the proceeds of which I had purchased a watch. I traded this watch with a young man who was at work for my master for a small Bible. This was the first, and proved to be the best trade I ever made.

I was glad in my very soul! Yes, I felt rich. I seemed now to have both a friend and a companion in my solitary and gloomy hours. I expect the old watch is worn out by this time, but, glory to God, I have the same book of God, and though I have used it much, and still use it, yet it tells the same good old story of redeeming love. Oh! who can tell the value of that blessed book to my soul! It has been a light to my benighted mind—a chart to my wandering soul. Therein I have learned how I became so wretched and miserable. It also pointed me to the remedy of my misery, even the cross of Christ,

whereby I might become happy, and have a glorious prospect of heaven.

Dear reader, do you wish to find your way to heaven? God has condescended to publish the way in this book.

The entire sum and substance of the Bible, is man's redemption, wrought out by Jesus Christ, the great Head of the church. Would to God, that every man had a heart to receive it.

Believe this book, or believe nothing. Believe and obey this book, or we are undone forever.

At first I read the historical parts of the scriptures. I did not understand the doctrines and mysteries of man's redemption, yet what I read done me good, for it drew me on to love the Bible, and to prize it above every other book.

CHAPTER III.

His apprenticeship to the shoemaking business. Union with the Baptist Church, conversion, etc. The expiration of his apprenticeship. His apostacy occasioned by a Universalist, etc. His removal to Kensington. His reclamation from Universalism, and union with the Rev. Mr. Kennard's Church.

I had now been about two years in my apprenticeship, and my master concluded to quit business. He procured several places for me at the same trade, but as I did not like any of them, I was left to shift for myself. I offered to serve the remaining three years with a shoemaker in the neighborhood, whose name was William Heritage.

He accepted my proposals, and I became his apprentice. To this man I soon formed a warm attachment. Although he was in an unconverted state, he had a most amiable and kind disposition. Always ready to do acts of kindness, from his benevolence he was generally called neighbor Heritage. And, although he has gone to a spirit-world,

his name will be held dear by his neighbors.

After I had been with Mr. H. about one year, he resolved on a religious life; to accomplish which, he and about twenty others, joined the Lutheran Church, at a place called Barren Hill, about two miles from his residence. Mr. H. had been principal singer in that church for several years, which employment was a delightful exercise to him, nature having given to him a sweet voice, which was well adapted to vocal music.

The pastor of the church informed them what was necessary to be done, before they could be received into church; one of the principal things was to commit to memory the catechism of the church, so as to recite to the preacher. For this purpose, they met a few times at the church, and were then admitted to its communion. I was advised to join also, but I could not see

how it would better my spiritual condition. I could see no difference in the conduct and manner of those who were members, and those who were not.

It was thought no harm, even among the official members, to frequent taverns, and indulge in practices entirely inconsistent with the Christian religion. Indeed spiritual darkness, at that period, seemed to pervade the entire neighborhood. They did not seem to perceive the necessity of regeneration, or the operations of the spirit of God on the heart. They appeared not to have either the form or power of godliness.

They went to church on the Sabbath, but beyond this I fear their religion did not extend.

Oh what a dreadful delusion did many in that village practice upon themselves! What a pang of disappointment will one day fasten upon their immortal souls!

But, I trust, it is not now in that place, as it was twenty years ago.

As I had received but little good from going to the Lutheran church, I concluded to try the Baptists. Accordingly I attended the Baptist church regularly every Sabbath. I soon became acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Fleeson, who resided in the neighborhood of the meeting-house. This man of God was entirely blind, having lost his sight some years previous. As it was necessary for some one to conduct Father Fleeson, (for so I called him,) to and from the church, I became his conductor, on the Sabbath days. I soon informed him of my intention to follow a religious and pious life.

He advised me to offer myself as a candidate for baptism, and, believing it to be for the best, I did so. I testified to the church my determination to live for God, and that I had already com-

menced a life of godliness. My experience being satisfactory to the church, I was immersed in the Schuylkill river, by the Rev. Mr. Jones, and received into church fellowship by that society.

I now believed that my name was registered in the book of life, and that I had nothing to do but to say my prayers, and go to church, and lead a moral life.

About nine months after I had joined the Baptist society, it pleased God to give me a clearer sight of my true condition, than I ever had before.

Some one put into my hands Doddrige's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." I knew that if this book was true, I was still in my sins, and that I had deceived myself and the church. I was astonished at the discovery, but was certain that I was a poor miserable sinner.

I now betook myself to prayer in the

fields, and other places of retirement from home. I knew that it was generally thought that I was pious, and I thought it best to suffer the church to retain that opinion of me, and in the mean time, I would get converted, and it would all be right in the end.

For this purpose, I would withdraw from home after night, into retired places to engage in prayer. Now I found my old besetment, the fear of man, to torment me worse than ever. I would no sooner kneel down in one place than I would be tempted, and believed also that some one would hear me. Then I would remove at a greater distance from home, and finally return home, without praying at all to any good purpose.

One evening, after succeeding in making a short prayer, and having returned from the field, I heard a young man telling the family that he had heard some

one praying in the fence corner. His words were like daggers to my heart; I was so fearful that they would suspect me, that I ridiculed the idea, and replied it was a pity he had no other place of prayer.

After striving in this way for a while, I found myself laboring under uncertain hopes and fears.

Not being able to satisfy myself that my repentance and contrition was of the right kind, I began to see that the fear of man was one of my greatest hindrances in seeking God. I therefore determined to break through that fear. For this purpose I selected an apple tree near the house, as the place of retirement.

I judged the family could easily hear me from that tree. This was a great cross. I also concluded to keep all the commandments of God. I set about this with great earnestness, but I soon

found, to the great anguish of my soul, that I could not live one day without committing some known sin. This caused my grief to increase, and I cried out, in the language of St. Paul, "O, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me," &c. God's method of saving sinners, I thought I never should understand. At length I gave way to despair, and had the worst apprehensions of punishment for my sins. My sins increased, and appeared to rise like mountains before me. My soul was convulsed within me, with awful forbodings of everlasting fire. There appeared to be a heavy weight hanging on my heart.

These awful feelings continued for several weeks. I still attended meetings, and strove all the while to pray at the apple-tree and in my bed-chamber. At length my health declined. I was now ready to give up all as lost. I envied the beasts of the field, and wished

to die, and know the worst of my fate. But that God who saw Hagar in the wilderness, and who never suffers a soul who is sincere to seek him in vain, was watching all my struggles to find him.

One evening, while I was praying in the orchard, a pious old lady who was from the city, on a visit to the family, came into the orchard, and, when I was done praying, came to me, and wept over me. She seemed to sympathize so much with me, and encouraged me to persevere on, that it seemed like oil poured into my wounded heart. This encouragement seemed to come from heaven. Glory to God! This old lady is yet living, and although she is nearly eighty years of age, still she remembers with animated joy, the moment when she was made the instrument of encouragement to my soul. I lately visited this mother in Israel, whose name is Campbell, and I found her like an an-

cient saint rejoicing in hope of the glory of God.

Again I tried to pour out my whole soul in agonizing prayer, and to make a mighty effort to throw myself on the mercy of God. After struggling for some time, and finding no relief, I returned to the house. When I reached the door, it came into my mind that if I would return and pray once more, my sins would be pardoned. Away I started for the apple-tree. As I passed through a little gate-way that lead to the orchard, I said, "when I pass through this gate-way again, I shall be happy." But, though I tried hard, it was all in vain.

It now occurred to my mind, I believe for the first time, that I ought to undeceive my worthy friend, Father Fleeson, who thought that I was living in the enjoyment of religion, when I knew

that I was not. I started the same night, and, on my arrival, found him at home.

He enquired kindly after my health, which I could hardly answer. When I began to weep, he was surprised, and urged me to tell him the cause. I told him as well as I could, that I was a poor wretched sinner, and I feared there was no mercy for me. This so astonished him, that he scarce knew what to reply. He at length replied, "I was sure you had experienced religion before you were baptized." I told him that I was deluded myself, and had deceived the church. He encouraged me not to fear, and he would tell me how the Lord converted his soul. He informed me that he had struggled with the same kind of fears, and how he labored under the same difficulties and anxieties of mind, and how he found mercy and forgiveness for all his sins.

My attention was now arrested. I

never had heard the like before. It seemed as if he was telling my own trials. I began to feel a glimmering hope spring up within my soul. When he reached that part of his experience where he flew to Christ as his only refuge, I stood astonished before the high and generous character of Almighty God. I contemplated with deep interest the compassion and love of the adorable Redeemer. My eyes seemed to be fastened on that spectacle of grace, the cross of Christ. I felt a glorious light breaking in upon my dark mind, and when this man of God had closed his relation he said, "Let us pray." My knees had scarcely touched the floor before, by faith, I beheld my Saviour, with arms extended wide to receive me, and, with a gracious look he bid me come. My faith laid hold, I seemed to fly right into his arms. The Sun of Righteousness arose in my soul,

with the full splendor of heavenly glory. I was filled with rapture. That heavy weight that hung about my heart was removed. Not one sin could I see, they were all gone. I was not only delivered from the wrath of God, but a great change had passed upon me, so much so, that I did not appear to be the same person. I was indeed made a new creature in Christ. I did not say much to my spiritual father. I was glad to get out on the turnpike, that I might give vent to my feelings. I went home, praising God all the way. Oh, what a change! When I left home, I felt that my sins were crushing me down to the gulf of despair. But now they were all forgiven. Now God the Father consented to receive the poor prodigal from the jaws of hell.

Thus, in the twentieth year of my age, through the atoning blood of Christ was my polluted soul washed from all

its sins. My heart was changed by that heavenly principle which penetrates the soul, purifies the affections, and regulates the desires of the humble believer in Christ. I was now truly happy, and expected to have no more trouble. But soon my old enemy came back, and I was variously tempted; but never once do I remember to have doubted my conversion to God. So wonderful was the change, that Satan himself could not dispute it with me.

Perhaps it would be well to state here, for fear that some might be perplexed, whose convictions and conversions have not been so evident and clear as my own, lest some may be lead to doubt their spiritual state, who are truly pious, that, although it is necessary that we should repent and be made sensible of our lost and perishing condition, and our need of pardon, to dispose us to receive Christ as our only Saviour; and,

although I believe that no being living can enjoy religion without being certain that they have it, yet I believe there are many, who have made the most eminent Christians, who have not been able to give many particulars with regard to their conversion, and were often afterwards tempted to believe that they were mistaken; but on going to God in humble prayer they have found the witness again within their own souls, for "he that is born of God," will have "the spirit to bear witness with theirs, that they are the children of God."

My apprenticeship with Mr. H. now expired, and he not having employment for me, I left his house, and went to work in a place called Mount Airy, above Germantown. I had not been long in this place before I lost all my religion. I became spiritually blinded; my heart hardened with errors the most ruinous to my soul, and was the cause of

much grief to my friends. My employer informed me that his next door neighbor, who was a well informed man, was a strong and confirmed Universalist, and that I must take good care or he would proselyte me to that doctrine. I replied that I did not apprehend any danger, as the Bible was very clear with regard to future rewards and punishments.

He informed this Universalist of what I had said. The Universalist accordingly came in to see me. I told him that I was very sorry that he believed such a pernicious doctrine. He answered, it is the doctrine of the Bible. I then got the Bible, out of which he wished me to prove that there is a place of punishment beyond the grave. I selected several passages that speak of rewards and punishments in another world in as strong language as could be employed. But I soon found that I

had more than a match to contend with, and would have given the argument up, but he would not let me. He was a man of learning, and was well read. I had no learning, and had not read much in any books, but the Bible; besides I was inexperienced. He informed me that the Scriptures were wrongly translated in many places, that the reading in the original was different from the reading of the present translation, and that there was so much uncertainty in many parts of the Bible, that it could not be relied upon as being inspired in all its parts; and of course ought not to be respected. This was all new to me, and filled my mind with many perplexities. Until now I had looked upon my Bible as being all true—yea, the very truth of God. He strove hard to convince me that I was wrong, but I was slow to believe. After about three hours labor he left me. I then

went to my Heavenly Father, and most earnestly prayed that he would not suffer me to believe what that man had said, if it were not true.

The next day he was at me again. I found I was to have no rest from his efforts to proselyte me. He now gave me some of his books, desiring me to read them, saying that they would prove the doctrine of Universalism to be true. I read the books and became very unhappy. I thought, can it be that I have been under a delusion until now? Is there no reality in all my religious experience? Have I not been converted to God, and has all my happiness been only a dream? Must I look upon my Bible, that has been so dear to me, as being no better than other books? Must I renounce Christ, my only Saviour, and regard him as being merely a good man? for this was one of the ingredients in my neighbor's doc-

trine. It was suggested to my mind, it is even so, you have been in the dark until now. Now I began, for the first time, to doubt the reality of my own experience. In great distress of mind I went to see a Lutheran preacher, the Rev. Mr. Baker. I stated to him my affliction of mind, and the cause of it. He took a great deal of pains to show me that the Universalist's doctrine was not true, but was ruinous in its tendency, and that it was not founded in the Bible. I left him, perfectly satisfied that my opponent was wrong. On my way home I was not a little surprised at meeting him on the way. He desired me to tell him what the preacher had said. After telling as near as I could recollect, he fell at work again, and for about two hours strove to undo all that the preacher had done. He said, among other things, that these preachers knew better, but that it was

to their interest to keep the people in the dark, because their living depended on it. When I left him, I betook myself to my strong hold, namely prayer, and on reviewing my past history, together with my mother's piety, I felt some comfort, and thought the man might talk, but I would hold on by faith to my blessed Redeemer.

But another plan was now laid, which, alas! was successful. He told me that there was no use in leaving my work to pray; that I could pray as well on my seat as I could on my knees in my chamber, and that there was nothing more meant by prayer than barely thinking on God, a grateful feeling, a good desire, and the like, which never need be expressed by words, and I might save myself a great deal of trouble, and be accepted quite as well by him who seeth in secret, &c. After a little time this advice had the very

effect for which it was given by my unwearied enemy.

By degrees I left off prayer, and gave up to those errors which had a tendency to carry my soul to ruin and perdition. As soon as I ceased praying, and absented myself from the closet after the bustle of the day was over, I became an easy prey to all the destructive doctrines of this Universalist. Had I continued faithful in that most important duty, I do think I should not have been caught by the cunning craftiness of man. I was now converted to this man's opinion. I had until this time believed that God had appointed a time and place where every thing would be set right, and every man receive according to his own works; that life eternal was prepared for the righteous; and everlasting punishment for the wicked. I believed that ample provision had been made for all and every man on the face

of the whole earth by Jesus Christ, the eternal Son of God, whereby all men might be saved if they would comply with the conditions of the Gospel, which are repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. That all have freedom of action alike; that all have an equal chance for heaven, although all have not the same means of grace, yet every man is to be judged according to what he hath, and not according to what he hath not, and if we are not saved it will be our own fault, and not to be charged to a gracious God.

I also believed in the divinity of the blessed Jesus. My belief of this was founded, and is now founded, on the fact that all the attributes that are found in God, the Father, are ascribed to, and found in him; that omnipresence, or to be every where present at the same time; omniscience,

his unbounded wisdom; omnipotence, or almighty power, which he displays on many occasions. Another attribute in Christ which only belongs to God, namely, eternity of existence. He is called by the prophet the Everlasting Father, &c. Besides he suffered the people to worship him while on earth which he could not have done in righteousness had he been any other being than God. These doctrines I obtained not from man nor the books of man; for I had not read any confession of faith, neither Baptist, Quaker, Methodist, or any other human creed. I derived them solely from the Word of God, from my Bible. Up to that period (the time of embracing the doctrine of Universalism) the Word of God was a treasure dear to my heart—but now it was lightly estimated, for I was now led to believe that it was not all true, and by altering some passages, and

throwing away others as spurious, by the assistance of the devil and this Universalist, I subscribed to this form of doctrine,—1st. that there is no devil but what is in man; and that all men, both good and bad, when they leave this world, go immediately to heaven, and are eternally happy.

2dly. That Jesus Christ was only a good man—a mere man, and should not be worshipped as God; and all that is required of us is to lead a moral life.

Alas! what a fallen, degraded mortal I was now. Oh, let my deplorable case be a warning to all! Oh, man! whoever thou art, give up such wicked opposition to the Bible, and go to the Son of God, before whom every knee shall bow.

I now went more seldom to my Heavenly Father in prayer, yet there were times that I sighed after the old path, and mourned to return again. But

I found the roots of infidelity springing up in my heart and captivating my whole soul; and if God had not looked in mercy upon me, I should have went on, step by step, until I should have denied the very existence of religion, and perhaps of the Deity himself—like Abner Kneeland, who was, at that time, one of the pillars of the Universalist church, but is now one of the worst of infidels.

I now seldom went to any place of worship. I went once to the church where I belonged. My good old father Fleeson had heard of my wretched state, and wept so much on my account that I became distressed. I saw him no more until some years after, when he was dying. A committee was appointed to investigate the matter, but I declined meeting it, and was of course expelled.

About one year after this I left Mount Airy, and went to work in Ken-

sington, Philadelphia. My employer was a Methodist class leader. I did not let him know what I believed with regard to religion. In the neigborhood where I now resided, there was, at this time, a great excitement occasioned by the Methodist Episcopal Church in Kensington silencing the Rev. Samuel Kennard, who was pastor of said church, from preaching until the Annual Conference. This was owing to some complaints preferred against him by some of the members of said church, for which it is not proper for me here to speak, only I would say that Mr. Kennard was acquitted of these charges rendered against him by the Kensington Church. Mr. Kennard thought it not proper to obey the injunctions of that Quarterly Conference, and commenced preaching, first on the wharf, then in a school-house in that vicinity. There it

was that I went to hear him, and under his preaching my sandy foundation was taken away. After about two hours' struggle in that school-house, I found mercy, which many who are yet living can testify. I was again established in the doctrines of the Bible.

I believed Mr. Kennard was a sound preacher, and a man of God. I joined his society, which had now withdrawn from the M. E. Church, and stood on their own ground. I now found that the doctrines I had embraced and believed before I saw that Universalist, were preached by all the Methodist preachers, but as yet I had not seen their discipline. I was delighted with class meetings, and the many means of grace that I found in use in the church. I now felt an impression resting on my mind that it was my duty to preach the gospel. The like impression I felt soon after I was first converted to God, but

I plead then, as now, the want of an education, and concluded that I must be deceived. So I refused. But I labored much in prayer meetings, and I trust some good was done thereby. I prayed much in secret, having learned by woful experience what it was to neglect that important duty. I was mostly happy; but sometimes I found my way hard and thorny. This was owing not a little to ungodly shopmates, who sometimes sported with religion and sacred things. On one occasion one of my shopmates, a wild young man, followed me up stairs to the garret, where I went to pray. I commenced praying, and he commenced laughing; I made him the burden of my prayer. God in mercy sent conviction to his heart, and he knew not what to do with himself. The next day he went with me to the same place, and, after struggling sometime in prayer, God converted his soul.

He shouted so loud that our employer and others came to see what was the matter. Reader, "let your light so shine, that others, seeing your good works, may glorify your Heavenly Father."

This young man joined the Methodist church, and I believe is a member yet. I stayed about eighteen months with that society, and becoming much afflicted, I concluded to travel.

CHAPTER IV.

His travels to Newark, New York, Boston, Salem, and return. His exercise to the call and work of the Ministry. Death of Mr. Kennard. His removal to Wilmington, Del. His marriage and return to Kensington, etc.

Mr. Kennard requested me to continue my membership with them, over whom he had the pastoral care; and, as I expected to return again, I did not object to the proposal. I went from this to Newark, New Jersey. Though I continued in this place two years, I did not join any society. Still I strove to serve God, attending meeting in the Methodist Church.

My state of debility increased until I could scarcely work. Being much discouraged, I sold what things I could spare, and started for New York. In this place I was put to my wit's end to

know what to do. At length I went on board of a steamboat which was about starting for Albany, and the day after I arrived there. In about three hours' walk from Albany I arrived at a place called Shaker's Village. Feeling much fatigued, and in great distress of mind on account of my present condition, I concluded to stop and see these Shakers, who numbered here about seven hundred. I met with a warm reception. They showed me much respect and kindness, but their manner of worship appeared so inconsistent to me —it consisting principally in dancing, shaking, and marching up and down the room—that I soon became uneasy, and only stayed three days with them. They charged me nothing for my entertainment, which was a great kindness to me, as my means were now small. Although I perceived my strength increasing, yet it took me three

days to travel forty miles on foot, which brought me to Northampton, ninety-six miles this side of Boston. Here I found myself penniless. I concluded to part with my overcoat, which I could very well spare, it being in the month of April. Although it was worth fifteen dollars, I got but five for it. I then took stage for Boston. At this place I stayed one night, and then left for Salem, nine miles beyond Boston. I had some near relations in this town in easy circumstances, that I had never seen before. Being unwilling that they should know my poverty, and as my health had much improved, I concluded to try to get a seat of work. In this I succeeded—but I was much afflicted on learning the character of those who were to be my shopmates—who were five in number, two deists and three Universalists. Our employer was also a Universalist, who was much in the shop.

I had suffered so much from wicked shopmates, that my heart sickened at the thought of working with such characters. But for this there was no alternative; work with them I must. I was overcome with tormenting fear—the fear of man. My way was so hard that I concluded that I might as well cease my strife for heaven. I doubted whether I ever should gain that happy place.

So powerfully was I tempted that at last I yielded to the temptation. As I was an entire stranger in the place, I determined not to let any one know that I had ever been religious. Soon after this determination I entered the shop. They soon enquired after my religion. I told them I did not belong to any religious society. On hearing this they seemed pleased, and sent for some black strap, (as they called it,) consisting of rum and molasses. After

I had drank with them, they requested me to sing a song. I answered I cannot, but they insisted, and I consented to try. I began to sing one that I had known when a boy; but oh, the horror of that moment! My Saviour seemed to look on me as he did on Peter. I sung a few lines and left the shop, and in a retired place I sought mercy for this my wickedness. I would have gladly recalled my conduct, but I could not. I now made a covenant with Almighty God, that if he would pardon my sin, I would own him before men or devils. I again found peace, and returned to the shop: I told them that I had deceived them; that I had been trying to serve God, and would still strive to save my soul. A few days after this I joined the M. E. Church on probation.

How true it is that "no man can serve two masters." I knew that it

was a part of religion to acknowledge the hope that was in me, but I feared persecution. I was now counted a fool because I was in earnest in the cause of my salvation; but God was with me, and, although one of the deists would fall down on his knees before me, and make a mock prayer, and use the most profane language, and abuse the Scriptures to irritate me, yet I felt that I was upon a rock, and the "gates of hell could not prevail against me." I seemed now to grow in grace every day. My employer tried hard to convince me of the truth of Universalism, but I was careful to guard against the arts and insinuations of such as set themselves up for teachers of infidelity and irreligion. I already had a sad experience of the great danger of listening to men who spend their thoughts on the subject of infidelity.

In this place I became a class leader.

After I had been there about one year, so strongly was I impressed with the duty of entering into the ministry, that I determined to return home and consult with Mr. Kennard on that subject.

I left that dear people, whose kindness to me I shall never forget. I took passage in one of the Salem packets bound for New York, to which place, after a wearisome passage of seven days we arrived in safety. From New York I went to Newark, N. J. to see my old friends. Oh, what a deliverance had the Lord wrought for me! One year ago I left this place with nothing before me but temporal ruin—without health, with but little money, and I might say without friends. Now my health was good, and I had both money and friends, and the best of all I was happy in God.

I stayed about three days in Newark, and then left for Trenton. Here I

learned, what deeply affected me, the death of Rev. Mr. Kennard. He had been long afflicted with bodily disease and now was no more.

I hastened to Philadelphia, and found the Church over which he had been pastor in tears. Mr. Kennard's ardent zeal and laborious efforts to seek and save the lost, had no doubt hastened his death, which was every where lamented, and all could say, a "great man hath fallen in Israel." The sorrowful emotions of my own heart I shall not attempt to describe. I knew that I had lost a friend and a counsellor—such a one as I thought could not be replaced on earth. I had travelled several hundred miles to make known the exercises of my mind to Mr. Kennard, but he was now gone to reap his reward in heaven.

I now laid my case before the Rev. Mr. Bowers, who was now pastor of

the church which had been vacated by the death of Mr. Kennard. He concluded that I should take his appointment on the next Sabbath morning; which I attempted with weakness and trembling. Although I made out but little, yet my friends encouraged me to try again.

I was now twenty-seven years of age. In order to know more fully the will of the Lord concerning me, I took a tour through the country, making appointments and trying to preach. Not finding that liberty I expected in the effort, I returned much discouraged, believing I was under a mistake; but my friends being of a contrary opinion urged me on. Sometimes I thought it was from the Lord, then I would think of my small abilities, and could not believe it possible. While thus perplexed, it came into my mind to leave the place, and go where I was not known, which

would put an end to my preaching. Accordingly I left Philadelphia again, and went to Wilmington, Delaware. Here I obtained a seat of work, and joined the M. E. Church—again on probation.

I felt now as Jonah did when he would not obey the Lord. My way was more or less dreary—my sufferings at times were great—but still I would not make known the exercises of my mind. I now concluded that it might conduce to my comfort to change my relation in life; and having formed an attachment to Miss Eliza King prior to my leaving Philadelphia, who was a young woman, though not much experienced in religion, yet in many respects I thought would make me a suitable companion.

I then resolved to return to Philadelphia, for the purpose of completing my affection in matrimonial vows—

which being done, we returned to Wilmington, where we resided about two years, at which time my health was again so reduced that I could scarcely attend to my temporal concerns.

We were now advised by some of our Kensington friends to move back in that place. Believing such a step would be for the best, we did so. Still feeling a strong affection for the Kennardites, and living close to their meeting, we both joined that society.

CHAPTER V.

Backsliding and causes, etc. Reclaimed and union with the Harmony M. E. Church. The converted Infidel, his Death, etc. Removal to Moorestown, N. Jersey, and union with the M. E. Church, his labors in that neighborhood. Discovers his mistake on the subject of sanctification.

It was now evident to myself that if I would save my own soul, that I must try to save others also. I labored much in prayer and class meetings, and seemed to progress onward toward the mark of Christian perfection, which I felt it my duty to obtain.

Finding it inconvenient to abide in Kensington any longer, I removed into the city convenient to my work. As we were now some distance from our place of worship, I felt at liberty to go elsewhere. I went first to one place of worship, and then to another, but

could not feel at home any where. I found no resting place, but was always a stranger, and was never like a child at home. The consequence was I became unstable, and gave great occasion to the temptations of the enemy. I found I could not live out of the church, and so I joined the St. John's M. E. Church. Still I was continually mourning over a backsliding heart. Though I would seek God at times as the thirsty heart would the water brook, yet my soul was not established in religion. I found myself sinning through the day, and repenting at night.

After living a few months in this way, I entirely despaired of ever getting beyond this wretched state. And as I would not on any account be a hypocrite—I always thought I would rather be no Christian at all than to be a hypocritical one—so I thought it best rather

than to injure the cause, to withdraw quietly from the church, and make no pretensions to a religious life.

This dreadful step I now took. I told my friends it was one of necessity —though others served God, yet I could not. For some time after this I seldom went to meeting; for when I did, I would feel the pangs of sorrow more keenly, knowing that I was the barren fig-tree that encumbered the ground.

But once more God had pity on my poor soul. It so happened that a friend of mine who resided in New York, who was now on a visit to this city, called to see me, and who had once been zealous in the cause of God—a class leader in the church—but was now on the road to death and destruction. He was surprised when I told him that I was in the same situation. We talked over the happy seasons we once enjoyed to-

gether, and contrasted them with our present enjoyments, until we became quite dissatisfied with ourselves. I proposed that we should set out again and seek that happiness that we had lost. He agreed to do so if he should be spared to reach New York. I said, why not now? you can get it here as well as in New York! I will now—this very hour—begin to seek God. He looked astonished, and replied, you will! Yes, I answered; my mind is made up.

It was then Sabbath evening, and the hour had arrived for public worship. He said he could not go to meeting with me; but I resolved that nothing but sickness or death should prevent me. I arose from my seat, took my hat and left him. I bent my way toward a Methodist meeting-house called 'Harmony,' just established in Budd street. When I left my door, I had a

full discovery of my heart. I resolved, like Jacob, to wrestle until I prevailed. My faith became strong, and before I reached the place of worship I felt that I was accepted of my Heavenly Father. It seemed that He met me on the way. This was in 1836. 'Harmony' now became my spiritual home, and I resolved to do my duty to both God and man.

We had Brother F. Miller for our stationed preacher; the little church flourished under his administration, so that the membership soon increased from seventy to one hundred and twenty.

After I had stood out my probation, I was made a class leader and an exhorter in that charge. I now dreaded that instability of character which so often marked my path, which had not only well nigh destroyed myself, but had its influence upon others, and had

made the cause of religion to suffer, and good men to weep.

I could easily see that I had acted too much from feeling and the impulse of circumstances; and when they changed, I changed also. So I was constantly shifting and running away from the cross, and consequently I became an easy prey to the temptations of the enemy. I now determined, by the help of God, to take up every cross and live by rule. I knew I must pray more and differently from what I had been in the habit of doing. I had been accustomed to pray in my family when it was convenient. I now read the Word of God and prayed in my family night and morning regularly. Neither had I been uniform in secret prayer. Sometimes I would retire, and at other times omit it. I now visited my closet at least three times a day.

I had also indulged in a spirit of le-

vity, such as trifling, foolish, and vain conversation. I now made it my duty to watch over my words, as well as my actions. I also perceived that I had tried to get along in my own strength: I now cultivated a child-like feeling, and attended all the means of grace—preaching, prayer and class meetings.

Oh, how inconsistent is man in his depraved state! They manifest great concern about their pleasures and political pursuits. They are fired with ambition in pursuit of wealth, fame, and honor; but about religion they manifest no concern, or, if they do admit its propriety, it is to be sought after without any energy. What a melancholy fact it is, that a man may exert all the faculties of the soul, destined to live forever, in the arts and sciences, and even in war, all of which are deemed honorable in the opinion of the world; but if a man, with more than common anxiety,

seeks to save that soul, he is looked upon as a fanatic, or an enthusiast, and many wonder at, and pity him on that account. Many there are who are fearful of being too religious, when, at the same time, it is to be feared they have no religion at all. I can perceive no danger of having too much religion to fit one for heaven, but that there is great danger of having too little.

I can feel for that man who looks with a cold indifference on all that is grand in the promises and providences of Almighty God.

Now I was determined to make every thing bend to religion. I knew from my own experience, that if perseverance and decision of character are necessary in any pursuit, they are indispensable in prosecuting a pious, religious life.

About the time of my union with the Harmony Church, a young man—

a stranger to me—called at the shop where I was at work. While in conversation with him, I introduced the subject of religion. I soon found that he was an unbeliever in the Christian religion. I tried to convince him that the Bible was the infallible word of God, and without it all is dark and dreary; that reason itself could not penetrate beyond the tomb. He soon left me. Sometime after he called again: he was then of another mind, and under deep conviction; after some further conversation on the importance of his salvation, he again left me. In a few days he returned and informed me that he had became a Methodist, and that God had pardoned his sins, and made him a new creature in Christ Jesus. We formed now an attachment like that of David and Jonathan, and were knit together in love. In a short time after this he became very sick. A disease

fastened upon him which soon put an end to his mortal existence. For some days prior to his death he was confined to his room. I spent much time with him in his bed-chamber. He informed me that, although he knew his sins were pardoned, yet there was something so terrible in death that he was reluctant to die. I expressed to him my belief that he would not shrink when his last hour should arrive; for I had never read or heard of a true disciple of Christ that did not find dying grace when needed.

I greatly desired to be with him in his last moments, that I might witness the manner of his death. This privilege was granted me. In a few days after, as I called to see him about sunrise, I found him sitting in his arm-chair, and discovered that his last hour had now arrived. I said, Brother, how is it with you? He replied, I have no

fear; all is right; I am just going home; Brother Batchelder, let us pray once more together: I took him in my arms in order to help him on his knees; but I found he was too far gone. In a moment more he crossed the stream. Oh, how narrow must that stream be to the Christian—it is so soon passed! "Oh death, where is thy sting." Let the disciples and friends of Jesus be encouraged. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

About this time there was much said about Christian perfection in the church to which I belonged, and some professed to receive and enjoy it.

I thought somewhat on the subject, but not sufficiently; but with many others I began to seek for that blessing. One evening at a prayer meeting, where there were many praying for that blessing I felt much of the power of God resting upon me. Believing that I had

obtained the heavenly treasure, I felt it my duty to tell what the Lord had done for me. I bore public testimony to the blessing of entire holiness of heart. I now seemed to advance in spiritual things, though I was kept in the furnace of affliction sometimes for months together.

Owing to severe affliction of body, which occasioned my family much distress—with the advice of Brother B— and wife—I moved near Moorestown, N. J. and attached myself to the M. E. Church in that place, and enjoyed many happy meetings with that people. Class meeting was held at my house once a week; besides we had a traveling prayer meeting in the neigborhood, which was a blessing to many. Here I became acquainted with Rev. S. Townsend, who was one of our circuit preachers. He urged believers to seek entire sanctification, both soul, body,

and spirit; telling them it was their privilege to walk with God as Enoch did, and to have the testimony in their own breasts that all their actions, thoughts, and words pleased God. I found his faith reached further than mine, and I began to fear that I might be deceived on that subject. Although I knew I enjoyed a tolerable degree of religion, and was better established in Christ than I had ever been before, yet, on examining my heart, and all my conduct, I could see things that God could not, and did not, approve of. I knew that there must be a mistake somewhere; that Brother T. had either raised the standard too high, or that I had not raised it high enough; and that if Brother Townsend's standard was the correct one, I did not enjoy the spirit of an entire sanctified soul. This gave me much perplexity of mind on the subject, which I thought best to keep to myself.

I now began to increase my official labors in the church, but still with much weakness, though the Lord blessed my efforts to do good, in some degree, yet I was still tempted, as formerly, to go around the cross.

One Sabbath I had two appointments to fill for Brother C—, a local preacher. My first appointment was at the Stone Meeting House; here I had some liberty. In the afternoon I tried to preach at Cooperstown. After meeting was over I was so tempted that I had done wrong in preaching, that I went into private, and promised God that if he would forgive me, I never would try to preach again.

Soon after my soul was bowed down within me, and I had to repent again, and promise God to do whatsoever he should command.

CHAPTER VI.

His removal to the Cross Roads, near Medford, New Jersey. Severe trials; death of a sister-in-law, etc. A tour with the Rev. W. Rogers, up Jersey. A change of views on the subject of sanctification, etc.

In the spring of 1840, I removed to the Cross Roads, near Medford, and united myself with the M. E. Church in that place also. Here new and fresh trials awaited me; but, bless the Lord, I felt that my faith was strong, and that His grace would be sufficient for me; and that neither famine, nakedness, fire, or the sword could "separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus my Lord." I felt, to say with Job, "though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

I found but little employment here for several months; and, having nothing

beforehand, I was much straightened in my temporal circumstances. And, to add to this affliction, a twin-sister to my wife, who was in poor health, came to pay us a visit from Philadelphia, for the purpose of recruiting her health; but her hope was not realized; for she constantly grew worse, and four weeks proved to us all that she must depart for another world. In view of her departure she was greatly distressed, conscious that she was not prepared for the change.

This was a source of trouble to myself also, and I at once engaged in the means which could only accomplish that great object. I exhorted her to look to the Lord, and sought the Lord myself, in her behalf, and obtained visits from brother Crouch, to assist her in coming to a blessed Saviour.

Although she enjoyed no clear evidence of her acceptance with God an

hour before her death, yet at that hour, while we were engaged in prayer, the room appeared to be filled with the presence of God, and her soul was set free, and when we arose from prayer, she fell asleep, I have no doubt in Jesus.

In the fall, things began to wear a more pleasing aspect. I obtained regular employment, and my soul was much blessed in trying to do good by laboring as an exhorter in the religious meetings in various places on this circuit.

We had two excellent preachers on the circuit; men of tried piety; which was a great comfort to me. Besides, my wife and a sister of her's, both obtained religion during the winter.

I had prayed for my companion several years, but not until now were my prayers answered. "Ask and ye shall receive." I now received. "Ask, and your joy shall be full." My joy was now full, and we were truly a hap-

py family, rejoicing in hope of a blessed immortality.

> Nought of His word I found to fail,
> My faith in God it did prevail.

In the summer of 1842, I became acquainted with Rev. Wm. Rogers, who was on a visit from Keyport, Monmouth County, N. J. where he was stationed as a preacher, to his father's, in Medford. On his return, he gave me a pressing invitation to accompany him. Having no particular engagements to prevent me, I accepted his kind invitation. On our way the conversation turned on the subject of entire sanctification, and holiness of heart and life. I informed him that sanctification did not exclude every unholy temper and passion from the heart; for I knew by experience, that some of them remained in my heart, although they had not the ascendancy over me; and I took it for

granted that my experience was in accordance with the scriptural meaning of holiness. Brother R. was astonished to hear me express myself thus, and informed me that I was in a mistake, and hoped that I would never preach that men could not be saved from every evil temper and propensity until death. He further observed to me that it was not a Methodist doctrine, neither was it a Scriptural doctrine, that men must die in order to cease from sin. He went on with such forcible reasonings, until I felt an unholy passion arising in my heart, and a strong desire to drive him from his position by argument, in order to get the victory over him. Thus two sinful passions arose in my heart at once, anger and pride; for I had a desire to conquer only for the sake of victory. At length, when I found I could not sustain myself, I then seemed to consent to what he said, and endeavored to shake

off that horror and darkness that seemed to envelope me. I smiled, but Oh! what a contention and tumult there was within me. I had often heard the same kind of reasoning as I now heard from Brother R. but I never suffered it to take such a hold of my feelings before. I now became an unhappy man. I knew something was wrong, but could not tell what it was. For three days my soul was in anguish, and a powerful conviction arose in my mind to return home, under a persuasion that some of my family were sick. But this was a delusion of Satan, accompanied with a strong desire to get clear of Brother R. whose arguments had convinced me of my error, which hung like a mill-stone around my heart.

CHAPTER VII.

His pursuit after and enjoyment of the blessing of Sanctification, etc. Licensed to preach at the Quarterly Meeting Conference in Medford, etc. The blessings of Justification and Sanctification contrasted in his own case.

At length, God had mercy on my soul. I found, after praying much in the woods, a fixed purpose of heart to know the full meaning of sanctification, and, if possible, to obtain it, though it required years, or even until death. In that moment, the enemy was forced to surrender his strong hold. The impression to return home, now left me, and my friendship for Brother R. returned. This took place at Brother Murphy's, at whose house we were then stopping. I concluded to tarry with this people three days longer. All my energies were now brought to bear on one point

of inquiry. Some of the friends there were witnesses to my intensity of investigation of the subject. I read the Bible much, and all the books I could obtain bearing on that subject. I paid a visit to a Sister Baker, who was like an angel from heaven to my soul. She spoke from experience. She told me to carry my evil tempers, appetites and propensities of every kind, to Christ; that he could subdue and purify the whole of them, and regulate all my desires in such a manner that I could glorify God in all things. She told me that Christ was a perfect Saviour, and that he was fully able, and as fully willing to answer all possible demands of my being. While she thus conversed with me, on the subject, a cheerful hope arose in my soul that what she said might be true. I thought what a happy man I should be, if I could only live without committing any known sin; for many times I had

even wished to die, that I might keep from offending God. It had all along seemed to me to be almost impossible to live without sin. I mean such sins as bring condemnation to the soul. But now the veil seemed to be lifted from mine eyes. I saw that my faith had been imperfect; that it had not entirely overcome the world, the flesh, and the devil, but through ignorance of the fulness of Christ to save from all sin, both inward and outward, to tear out by the roots that inbred corruption, which I always found to be in my heart, and over which I had wept and mourned much, believing I should never get entirely clear of it, until the day of my death. Owing to this ignorance, I had not sought after this high point of Christian holiness. I was glad in my very soul that there was a possibility of living without offending God, for, as I have already observed, the thought of

continuing more or less in sin had often filled me with sorrow.

I now resorted to the woods, with a cheerful mind, expecting to receive, without any difficulty, the all-cleansing blood of Christ to wash away the pollution of sin. It being quite a warm day, and, as I thought I should not leave the woods without the blessing, I began to prepare myself deliberately, to wrestle with God in fervent and ardent prayer. I first took off my hat, then my coat, then my cravat, and went to work. I struggled hard, until I was nearly exhausted. I rested, and then at it again.

After praying for some time, and doing, as I thought, all I could to obtain the blessing, I was filled with astonishment. Instead of receiving the blessing of sanctification, in answer to my prayers, the most distressing views of inbred sin, were presented to my mind. I saw in-

deed that I had come short of glorifying God in all things, as it was my duty and privilege to do. I saw a general distrust of God scattered through my whole religious life. I was now brought to such a point, that I knew not what to do. It was suggested to my mind, "Can this mountain of sin be removed?" "Yes," I thought, "but not now." Still I did not flinch from my settled purpose never to stop until I obtained the blessing. I felt as if I had already got a prize, a belief that I might yet live in this world, and yet live right in the sight of that God who cannot look upon sin with allowance.

After living in that neighborhood about a week, I prepared to return home. The Rev. Mr. White brought me on my journey as far as Brunswick. I had some conversation with Brother W. which done me much good. At Trenton I stayed with Dr. Armour, and

the next morning took the cars and came to Burlington. On my way home, my mind was constant in prayer, and I felt as if I could exhort every man I saw, to engage in the pursuit of the same blessing. When I arrived home, I found my family well. I informed my wife of what had happened me while absent. She was glad also to know that it was her privilege to live a life of holiness. Her sister also, seemed desirous to seek for the blessing of a clean heart. I now endeavored to double my diligence in giving up every thing. Nothing was too dear to sacrifice, if I knew that God required it. I felt perfectly willing to give up my life, if I could not have Jesus all my own without it. I searched the Scriptures more than ever, and prayed night and day. Some of my good friends told me to believe, but I found this hard work. My unbelief was great. Still I was certain I should get the bless-

ing, but the thought, "not now," still followed me. At length the time drew nigh; I could not live much longer without it. I arose from my bed in the night. I plead the promise "Whatsoever ye ask of the Father, in my name, it shall be done unto you." The burden of my prayer was not for happiness, but for a clean heart. But the suggestion "not now," still followed me. I went some distance to a barn, but found no comfort there.

Such were my feelings at this period, that I was unable to attend my business. I spent the fore-part of the following day in reading and private prayer, and in the after part of the day my wife and sister joined me in family devotion. At length I was enabled by faith to lay fast hold on the promises of God. A thrill of joy ran through my soul—but I was not satisfied that this was the blessing. For three days I believed, and then

doubted. The contest was a severe one. I wanted the witness.

While a good Brother D—, who was also seeking the same blessing, was reading the Christian's Manual, he came to that part which describes the fulness of a soul just entering into the rest from sin—for which my soul had been laboring—he stopped and cast his eyes upon me, and said, this is your experience. In that moment I was baptised with the Holy Ghost, and, though I was at my work, sitting on my seat at the time, floods of joy seemed to enter my soul; but still I was afraid I might be deceived. I told Brother D. I had received some unusual blessing, I was so very happy. I went into the chamber, and begged for the witness. I felt like a little child, and such was the clearness of the witness that I received of the entire sanctification of my body, soul, and spirit to God, that the

devil himself dare not dispute it with me. I felt both a delight and pleasure with the dealings of God with me. A glorious brightness was cast over the providences of God, and I had an elevated feeling of soul—a profound reverence for God that I am sure I never had before: mercy, purity and love seemed to encompass me. Though I still knew that I was travelling through a wilderness of sickness, temptations, and afflictions, yet I felt that I was under infallible guidance, and that I should be protected by a power that presided over the universe. Then, indeed, I felt that I had a shelter, a refuge, a hiding place, a friend, and a God. That disease of heart, which no human skill could cure, now found a remedy in the grace of God.

Thus was I brought, on the 13th day of August, 1842, after twenty days deep conviction for holiness, through

the blessed atonement, to enjoy that perfect confidence in God which brings perfect peace into the soul, and also that love which casts out all fear that hath torment, and was therefore not only happy, but truly happy.

I now went on in this most excellent way, trying, in my feeble manner, to do good, and I have the blessed happiness of believing that my own family felt the gracious influence of God's spirit, as it daily descended in answer to our united prayers around the family altar; which was now erected three times a day. I now felt willing, through the assistance of my blessed Master, to take up every cross; and as I have already informed the reader that I had at different times believed it to be my duty to preach the gospel of the Son of God; I still felt it to be my duty, though I labored under many serious disadvantages. Accordingly I made an effort to

preach a few times before some of the brethren on Medford Circuit. My case was then brought before Brother Neal, the presiding elder, and the members of the Quarterly Conference, by Brother Chew, our Circuit preacher, and after the usual examination, the brethren thought proper that I should be licensed as a local preacher.

The Christian reader no doubt would be pleased if I would describe the difference between my present spiritual enjoyments and Christian attainments more particularly, and those that I enjoyed while in a justified state. And I would be glad in my very soul if I could make it so plain that even a child could understand it. But as I have often said, when only in a justified state, that it was better felt than told; so I can say now with quite as much propriety, that the blessing of holiness is better felt than described. But by the help of

God, I will try to relate a few particulars in my own case.

In the first place, I can truly say, that my love was in a wonderful manner increased for God, and for the Bible. I had loved my Bible before; but now I was passionately fond of it. I seemed to read it, too, with new or better eyes, and with a clearer understanding of its sacred truths. I not only believed the promises to be the very truths of God, but I was enabled now fully and constantly, and in a very particular manner, to appropriate them to myself; they had now passed off from among the possibilities or probabilities, and were now, to me very facts; they were indeed yea and amen in Christ Jesus—my faith laid fast hold, and then held on to the most precious promises in the Bible.

I knew and felt that God had already given the best gift he had to bestow,

even his beloved son, Jesus Christ: and would he not freely with him, give us all things. To be consistent with himself, he would certainly give the lesser gifts to those that seek them aright. Another particular: I now found myself trusting continually and firmly in God for all things. Though at times things seemed to go against me, and the waves of affliction rose around me, yet I felt that I abode in perfect safety.

But to be a little more plain; until now I never could say, for any length of time at least, that I had no will of my own, or of my own making. I knew not how to get rid of that burden, that so often weighed me down, and would for a time test my religious enjoyments. I mean such temporal afflictions as are common to poor men of families; who, with feeble health, and, oftentime, out of employment—but, nevertheless, having families to provide

for—earnestly desire and strive to support their families, and to live honestly and righteously with, and before all men. Now this was my case precisely for years, and I was more or less continually in bondage, through fear that I should not be able to pay to every man his just dues, or that my family would come to want. I did not possess my soul in patience—and who could, with such a load upon his heart? Such a load of care is unfriendly to happiness, and there is a sting in it which can only be extracted by the grace of God. But now I found, and realized, what I never realized to much extent before, that I could roll my huge burden upon the Lord. I knew it was my privilege long before, and I resorted to various methods to do so, but it was al in vain. Now my Heavenly Father cheerfully took my burden from me the

moment I handed it over to him, and and if there had been as much more, I could have cast it all upon the Lord, with the certain belief that he would have taken it all. I knew it would be no burden to my Heavenly Father. David says, "cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He will sustain thee."—Peter says, "cast all your care upon Him, for he careth for thee." And the blessed Saviour says, "come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." I had one solicitude now, and only one: a care to walk in the king's highway of holiness—a care which God himself had cast upon me, and which was altogether intended for my own happiness, and the happiness of others. I wish the reader to bear in mind that I am not now speaking merely of my duties or privileges, but of facts as I experienced them.

My bodily afflictions still continued,

so that I worked at my trade with much pain, and with great debility of body; but I can truly say, that while I had sorrow flowing from afflictions, I had joys flowing from religion; so there appeared to be two streams operating at one and the same time. The stream of joy, though it did not annihilate the stream of sorrow that proceeded from severe affliction, yet it came in so much faster that it raised my soul above the waves of affliction, and I could rejoice in the Lord always. Paul could say, "as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing." I found the very same reason to rejoice in affliction as I found existing in prosperity, for I read, "they shall work out for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," and I verily believe, that the blessing of entire sanctification will keep its possessor happy under the most trying circumstances in which he could possibly be placed. In

this world it would make us happy without the aid of any thing else. Habakkuk says, "although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." Is there not enough in religion to make a man happy? Reader, it is the only thing that can make us happy; and, if it can make us happy, it can keep us happy.

But again; I felt a continual glow of gratitude to God for his mercy and goodness to me. Before, in the least blessing that I received from God, I saw his kindness in such a manner as led me to reverence and adore Him; if I had possessed nothing more than a cup of cold water, and a crust of bread

to eat, my soul would have swelled with gratitude to that God who numbered the very hairs of my head. But O, how my soul rejoiced in that rich fulness that I found in my ever blessed Redeemer, to save my soul to the very uttermost from all sin, and to tear its very roots out of my heart. Dear reader, if you knew how many tears I had shed, and how I had longed for this blessed state, you would not wonder that my soul was filled with unspeakable joy and gratitude to my adorable Jesus. Now a poor unworthy worm was permitted to love the King of Kings with all his heart, soul, mind, and strength; and his neighbor as himself, with the prospect of increasing in this pure love all the days of his life. Oh! what condescension—glory to God! I was no longer troubled with the fear of man; unholy anger and pride was torn away from their long residence. I

could no longer feel them in my heart; every spot was taken up and filled with love. I still had many temptations—but I can assure the reader that they were only temptations; and my gracious Master gave me grace according to his blessed promise to resist them all. I do not deem it necessary to enter into any further particulars here on this blessed subject; but I would refer the reader to the Appendix of this book, for a further understanding of this most important work of God on the soul.

END OF THE NARRATIVE.

APPENDIX.

THE DOCTRINE OF SANCTIFICATION ILLUSTRATED.

Having a strong desire that the Doctrine of Sanctification should be clearly and distinctly understood by those who are seeking for full and complete Scriptural holiness; and, as I believe the doctrine of true holiness as held by the Founder of Methodism to be as he asserts—after twenty years of much prayer and close study of the Scriptures, and in defence of which he wrote much—not only to be the privilege, but the duty, of every believer in Christ to arrive at, I think I cannot do better than to make quotations, and show the

reader what Mr. Wesley's views were on this subject.

Mr. Wesley, in distinguishing entire sanctification from justification, asserts the former "total resignation to the will of God, without any mixture of self-will; gentleness, without any touch of anger, even the moment we are provoked; love to God, without the least love of the creature, both in and for God; love to man, excluding all envy, jealousy, and rash judging; meekness, keeping the whole soul inviolably calm, and temperance in all things."

Again, in his sermon on the Wilderness State, he enumerates the causes of our losing the light of God's countenance, and includes a number of the passions, calling them, expressly, "inward sins; pride is one, and it is an abomination to the Lord; anger is another, even though colored with the name of zeal for the truth."

Nothing is a greater enemy to the mild and gentle love of God, than those sins which have been named; they ne-

ver did, and never can, exist together. Desire is another; when fierceness and anger are asleep, and love alone is waking, we may be no less endangered by desire—which equally tends to darken the soul." This is the sure effect; the thoughts are declared by Mr. Wesley to be holy in a perfect Christian; in his Plain Account he says: "Only of grown Christians it can be affirmed, that they are, in such a sense, perfect, as to be freed from evil thoughts and tempers; indeed, whence could they spring? out of the heart of man (if at all) proceeds evil thoughts! If, therefore, the heart be no longer evil, then evil thoughts proceed no longer out of it, for a good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit."

Again, "they are in such a sense perfect, as to be freed from evil thoughts and tempers. God hath now laid the axe at the root of the tree, purifying their hearts by faith, and cleansing all the thoughts of their hearts by the inspiration of his holy spirit." Again; "they are freed from evil thoughts, so

that they cannot enter into them, no, not for a moment; aforetime, when an evil thought came in, they looked up and it vanished away: but now, it does not come in, there being no room for this in a heart that is full of God."

Mr. Wesley, in the same sermon, says, "we are reconciled to God (that are justified) through the blood of the cross, and in that moment the corruption of nature, which is enmity with God, is put under our feet; the flesh has no more dominion over us, but it still exists, and it is still in its nature enmity with God, lusting against his spirit: a man may be in God's favor, though he feel sin, but not if he yields to it; having sin does not forfeit the favor of God; giving way to sin does. Though in the flesh you lust against the spirit, you may still be a child of God; but if you walk after the flesh, you are a child of the devil." In the next sermon, (on repentance in believers,) he says, "A conviction of their guilt is another branch of that justification

which belongs to the people of God, (that is, the justified;) but this is to be understood cautiously, and in a peculiar sense, for it is certain there is no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus, that believe in Him, and in His power of that faith, walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit; yet they can no more bear the strict justice of God, than before they believed; this pronounces them still worthy of death, and it would absolutely condemn them thereto, were it not for the atoning blood; therefore they are thoroughly convinced that they still deserve punishment, although it is hereby turned aside from them; they still deserve, strictly speaking, only the damnation of hell, but what they deserve does not come upon them, because they have an advocate with the Father."

It may be asked, does not Mr. Wesley define sin to be a voluntary transgression of the law? And if so, how can we reconcile this definition with the above quotation? This is his

definition of sin, but he unquestionably means actual sin: but are voluntary and actual transgressions of the law sin, or the nature of sin? So teaches Socinianism, so teaches the new heaven theology, but not so taught Wesley, as seen above. Not so teaches any standard authority in orthodox theology. Orthodox theology teaches, if we understand it, that there is an involuntary, an original infection of human nature. That it pervades not only the will, but the appetites and passions, so that when by the aid of the divine spirit, will would do right, still will cannot do till the appetite and passions are to some degree purified. This is St. Paul's doctrine: "for I know that in me, (that is, in my flesh,) dwells no good thing, for to will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I find not;" that this original and involuntary infection is of the nature of sin; it is called original sin and natural depravity—the first in reference to its being entailed, the second in reference to its being inherent,

and by Wesley is represented, as above, guilt, corruption, and enmity toward God. All orthodox churches agree that we must be cleansed before we can enter heaven; and that it did not exist before the fall, nor in Christ; that it is not eradicated in justification, as distinguished from entire sanctification. Most believe that it continues until death, and is the occasion of constant sin in the believer; all believe that the excitement of the passions and appetites, tending to unlawful indulgence, and impelling or soliciting to evil acts, arises in a regenerate person entirely from it. Wesley, in his sermon on sin in believers, says, herein our own church (as indeed in most points,) exactly copies after the primitive, declaring, in her ninth article, that original sin is the corruption of the nature of every man, whereby man is in his own nature inclined to evil, so that no flesh lusteth contrary to the spirit, and this infection of nature doth remain; yea, in them that are regenerated, whereby the lust

of flesh is not subject to the law of God; and, although there is no condemnation for them that believe, yet this lust hath of itself the nature of sin. The same testimony is given by all the churches—not only by the Greek and Romish churches, but by all the reformed churches of Europe, of whatever denomination. Indeed, some of these seem to carry the thing too far; so describing the corruption of the heart of a believer, as scarce to allow that he hath dominion over it, but rather is in bondage to it; and by this means they leave hardly any distinction between a believer and an unbeliever. But, blessed be God, many believe that it need not remain until death, but is extinguished in the state of Christian perfection, which they believe to be attainable. The first three of these propositions have been received by orthodox churches in all ages; and all of them are received by the followers of Wesley.

The question may be asked, how

then is the perfect Christian tempted? The perfect Christian may feel an excitement, but no such excitement of the appetite and passions that is impure, that tends to evil acts or unlawful indulgence; solicitation to evil may be presented to his thoughts, but it is not felt in his passions; there may be excitement—intense excitement—but instead of its tending to unlawful indulgence, it has precisely the opposite tendency—the horror against it, or of conscious triumph over it, accordingly as he may contemplate at the time the sin is suggested, or the grace by which he escapes it. When we say, therefore, that the sanctified person is tempted intellectually, not sensitively, it is of course understood that we mean, by the latter phrase, that his sensibilities are not excited favorably toward the temptation. The difference between the temptations of the sanctified and the justified state, may be illustrated thus: two Christians, one wholly sanctified, the other not, perceives the op-

portunity of becoming wealthy, by the use of some improper means; the sanctified person perceives the opportunity; nothing but imbecility could keep him from the perception; but it has no exciting influence upon his passions; he may intellectually dwell on the circumstances, and wonder at the facilities they afford to an evil mind, but, at the same time, not only feel no excitement to the evil, but abhor it, and exultingly thank God for his exemption from it. On the other hand, the unsanctified Christian may feel the cravings of avarice; he may go the whole day in sore conflict with these cravings, beating them down and yet feeling them.

The following opinion of a distinguished writer in the 'Guide to Christian Perfection,' says: "temptations, it will undoubtedly be conceded by those who have paid attention to the subject, are objects which are presented by the intellect to the sensibilities, and the will is of such a nature that they have a tendency to induce or cause in those sensi-

bilities, that is to stay in the appetites, propensities and affections, and also in the will, an inordinate, excessive or perverted action. The incipient, or what may be termed the innocent stage of the temptation, is when the object, which is the medium of temptation, is first presented to us intellectually; that is to say, in our mere thoughts or perceptions. Our Saviour was tempted by having the kingdoms and wealth of this world presented before him as objects of desire, but the temptation went no further than the thoughts; it had no effect upon his desires or will, but was immediately rejected; it was necessary that the object of temptation should exist intellectually; in other words, that it should exist in the thoughts, or be perceived and thought of without this, viz. the perceived or intellective presence of the object. It is entirely clear that there could not possibly be any such thing as temptation; but the temptation may exist to this extent without sin; the temptations for instance to

which our Saviour was subjected were entirely, in every instance, without sin, for the simple reason that they did not go beyond the thoughts; they did not enter into the emotions and desires; they excited no favorable or assenting feelings; they caused no accordant action of the will, but were instantly repelled; they were not like sparks thrown upon tinder and kindled to a blaze, but rather like sparks thrown in the ocean and instantly extinguished."

Mr. Wesley, in his 'Plain Account of Christian Perfection,' gives us this detail: he says, "one commends me; here is a temptation to pride, but instantly my soul is humbled before God, and I feel no pride, of which I am as sure as that pride is not humility. A man strikes me: there is a temptation to anger, but my heart overflows with love, and I feel no anger at all; of which I am as sure as that love and anger are not the same." Thus it is if I am tempted by a present object; and it is just the same, if, when it is absent, the devil recalls a commendation, or an

injury to my mind, in the moment the soul repels the temptation, and remains filled with pure love; and the difference is still plainer when I compare my present state with my past, wherein I felt temptation and corruption too; but by allowing that temptation may exist intellectually, do we not contradict the quotation already made from Wesley, which asserts, that even the thoughts are holy in the sanctified state? He answers for us in his sermon on 'Wandering Thoughts.' But here let it be observed, that thoughts concerning evil are not always evil thoughts—that a thought concerning sin, and a sinful thought are widely different. A man for instance may think of a murder which another has committed, and yet this is no evil or sinful thought. So our blessed Lord himself doubtless thought of or understood the thing spoken by the devil when he said, "all these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me:" yet he had no evil or sinful thought, nor indeed was he capable of having any;

and hence it follows, that neither have real Christians—for "every one that is perfect is as his master." Luke, 6th chapter, 40th verse. Therefore, if he was free from evil or sinful thoughts, so are they likewise.

We have shown that Mr. Wesley does not allow evil thoughts in the sanctified state. It is here obvious that he means, by evil thoughts, such as reach the sensibilities, passions, and appetites.

In the same discourse he states what wandering thoughts are evil and what are not. Under the former are enumerated all that spring from a revengful temper, from pride, lust, or vanity. It is also all those which produce or feed any sinful temper; those which either give rise to pride or vanity—to anger or love of the world: hence even the thoughts which are occasioned by weakness or disease—by the natural mechanism of the body, or by the laws of vital union—however innocent they may be in themselves, do, nevertheless, become sinful when they either produce or cherish and increase in us any sinful

temper, such as the desire of the flesh, the desire of the eye, or the pride of life. In like manner the wandering thoughts which are occasioned by the words or actions of other men, if they cause or feed any wrong disposition, they then become sinful. And the same we may observe of those which are suggested or injected by the devil. Mr. Wesley shows in what sense Christians are not perfect; they are not free from ignorance, temptation nor infirmities. "But I mean," says Mr. Wesley, in his sermon on Christian Perfection, "not only those which are properly termed bodily infirmities, but all those inward or outward imperfections which are not of a moral nature; such are weakness, or slowness of understanding, dullness, or confusedness of apprehension, incoherency of thought, irregular quickness or heaviness of imagination; also, the want of a ready or retentive memory." Again: "Such in another kind are those which are commonly in some measure consequent upon these, namely, slowness of speech, improprie-

ty of language; ungracefulness of pronunciation; to which one might add a thousand nameless defects, either in conversation or behaviour; these are the infirmities which are found in the best of men in a larger or smaller proportion; and from these none can hope to be freed, until the spirit returns to God who gave it." Again, in his Plain Account, "but even these souls dwell in a shattered body, and are so pressed down thereby, that they cannot always exert themselves as they would, in thinking, speaking, and acting precisely aright; for want of better bodily organs, they must at times think, speak, or act wrong; not, indeed, through a defect of love, but of knowledge; and while this is the case, notwithstanding that defect and its consequences, they fulfil the law of love.

I might enlarge further, but the smallness of the work will not admit it. I would say, however, that there may be shades of difference in the outward appearances of this great work upon the

heart, though the work itself is just the same, it may be hard to judge correctly in so nice a point, Christians are so differently circumstanced and so differently constituted—some have the advantage of education and of easy circumstances, their light may appear to shine more clearly—while in some others it may seem to be darkened in appearances by things not sinful but unavoidable, such as lowness of spirits, and weak abilities, and a great press of temptations. But whatever outward changes the perfect Christian meets with, he will be the same man still; he would have the Lord to choose his changes for him, though it might be what the world would call from better to worse; he is away from home, and, like people of fortune sometimes when travelling, cheerfully put up with many inconveniences, and comfort themselves with the thought that it will not always be so; so the man of God, though if it were for the glory of God he would be content to live as long as Methusaleh,

yet he will never feel at home till he gets to his Father's house above.

A SERMON ON SANCTIFICATION.

"Therefore, leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection." *Heb.* 6, 1.

Paul's style is parenthetical. In the preceding chapter he had been giving a luminous view of the priesthood of Christ, and that in the highest point of comparison possible—the Melchisedaical. But, as if feeling the incompetence of his hearers, he is struck off from his purpose in the eleventh verse of the fifth chapter; and through the remainder of that as well as of the sixth chapter, he follows the train of thought induced, and resumes his plan only in the beginning of the seventh chapter: "For this Melchisedec, king of Salem, priest of the most high God, who met

Abraham returning from the slaughter of the kings, and blessed him; to whom also Abraham gave a tenth part of all: first being, by interpretation, King of righteousness, and after that also, King of Salem, which is, King of peace; without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days, nor end of life; but, made like unto the Son of God, abideth a priest continually."

Our text is intimately connected with the words preceding. Thus, after speaking of Melchisedec, the apostle continues: "For when for the time ye ought to be teachers, ye have need that one teach you again, which be the first principles of the oracles of God: and are become such as have need of milk, and not of strong meat. For every one that useth milk is unskilful in the word of righteousness; for he is a babe. But strong meat belongeth to them that are of full age, even to those who by rea son of use, have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil. There-

fore, leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection." What may we not infer from this but that our people are still dull of hearing? How little do they know compared with what they might; and how often is the minister of Christ obliged again to lay "the foundation from dead works and of faith towards God," and, consequently, to stop short of those riches of divine truth which lie scattered so plentifully on the sacred page!

Nor would I have this considered an arrogant train of reasoning. I would preach it to myself also. Oh, how many delightful spots are there yet in the sacred field of divine truth, which my eye never saw! How many green pastures on which I never reclined! How many pure fountains whose bubbling waters I never tasted! Brethren, we are all guilty herein. How much more might we have known of God, his nature, his perfections! How much more experience might we have had of His

grace in our hearts! How much more might we have known of the glories of His throne, and how much more frequently might we have been wrapped up, as it were, in the third heavens! "Whether in the body I cannot tell," &c.

But there is another inference which we may derive from the text: "Leaving the first principles of the doctrine of Christ," let us this morning outstep the ordinary bounds, and "go on unto perfection."

1. The object contemplated.

2. The manner of its attainment.

1. The object contemplated—perfection. Much has been said and written on this subject, and yet is little understood by many. The primary meaning which the apostle applies to the term, is doubtless, a preparedness of our intellectual powers to take in the truths of God. From the character which our meditation has assumed, this must be evident. And will any one say that this is not necessary to our receiving

the deep things of God? There are those, I know, who profess much knowledge of divine truths, and yet have no experimental enjoyment of them. We see in them that there may be a clear apprehension of the things of God apart from their operation on the heart. But then this is not called the knowledge of divine things in Scripture. I have no idea of light separate from life; the word is living—spirit and life—and it must produce life where it is known in the true sense of the word. There is, I admit, a great difference between the knowledge of a fact and the conviction of it; but the latter only is the saving knowledge—knowledge connected with feeling. Let a man know that he is a sinner, and know it so as to feel the sentence of death in himself, and he will be quickened to cry unto God for mercy. Let him know the remedy in the Saviour of Sinners, and his knowledge will not be of that vague and general character which regards him as the Saviour of men; he will have an

individual personal property in him as his Saviour. Thus might we trace in all the Christian's life the connection inseparable between light and life. "The light is the life of men."

After this explanation, you will not startle at my having commenced the subject of perfection, with the primary meaning of the apostle, in reference to knowledge. Perfect knowledge touches at every point of the Christian character. It is connected with perfect love, perfect humility, perfect purity, &c. &c.

But I shall not stop here. We come more immediately to the nature of perfection. For the right understanding of this, we may consider it in four points of view.

First.—Absolute perfection. This can only belong to God; for it is impossible, in the nature of things, that this should attach to a creature. Infinity is essential to absolute perfection. Whatever qualities we may discover in any being, however amiable and excel-

lent, yet, if its means are limited, no absolute perfection can exist. This perfection, therefore, can only belong to God, and it is strange, that men still use the term absolute, in connection with finite creatures, and thus wilfully stumble at what is not affirmed.

Secondly.—We may consider it in the nature of beings themselves, compared with other beings. This is relative perfection, and has reference to any kind of beings whatever, limited to its own species. Thus, we speak of a flower, a plant, a tree, as being perfect in its kind, &c.

But, leaving the world of inanimate nature, (and a thousand illustrations would offer therein,) we look into the world above. Now there exists a class of beings called angels, and these are perfect in their nature and kind; that is, the perfection of an angel, archangel, throne, power, &c.

But to bring all this to bear on us. You have heard of the perfection of Adam, or Adamic perfection; that was

the perfection of a being, all of whose powers and faculties were complete, and without the slightest derangement; he was perfect after his kind; and now, the perfection of man, in the present state of things, is the perfection to which the gospel leads him, and which Wesley fitly called Christian perfection.

What the nature of this is, we must consider afterward; but, how much would have been spared from the stock of human passion, if this definition had been attended to! There is a perfection of a Christian man after his kind.

Thirdly.—We may consider it again, as the attainment of the highest possible degree, after his kind.

This differs from the former in this, that it leads us to stretch after the highest point of perfection to which our nature is capable. If we may speculate in mysteries, we might say that the perfection of an angel is in rising to the highest point of attainment of which his nature is capable; and, to bring this point to bear on ourselves, the perfec-

tion of a Christian consists in his stretching after, and attaining to the highest point of which his nature is capable. A child is perfect after his kind, that is, he has a perfection of parts, but not yet a perfection of degrees, and this will illustrate the meaning: his nature is capable of more.

Fourthly.—The term perfection is again used where there is an adaptation in the person or thing for the purpose for which it was designed.

Many instances occur in the Scripture wherein the term is applied in this sense to our Saviour: his adaptation to the work on which he entered. When any thing answers the place for which it was intended, exactly fitting it, it is perfect. Thus, for example, we talk of a perfect musician; that is, one every way qualified for his profession; a perfect scholar, one fitted for that department of science which he fills, &c.

Now, to bring this to bear on us, when the man is perfectly adapted for every requirement of the Christian cha-

racter, when there is in him a meetness for every part of his calling, for time and eternity, there is a perfect Christian!

2. The manner of its attainment.

Now let us endeavor to condense all these ideas. We have to speak of Christian perfection.

1. It must be obvious, in the nature of things, that this does not mean a perfection of knowledge; this is not essential. Here we shall always "see through a glass darkly;" that is, in a reflected medium; and, therefore, not clearly. The outlines may be discovered, but there will be too much dimness to be correct in our view.

What does this teach us, but that we should bear and forbear? "Judge no man before the time, until the Lord come, who both will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the heart." Many have been mistaken here: they have fancied they had all knowledge; and, with a very high-sounding profession, they have exhibited

the character of the cynic and the censor; their spirit has not harmonized with their profession, and I have put such down for much less than they have boasted; they have pretended to discern spirits and detect motives; but let such know that "the wisdom from above (if, indeed, theirs is from above) is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy." Oh there is a tender heartedness in the perfection of a Christian removed from this! An offence against the rule of loving kindness is an offence against the Christian character—loving kindness is the prominent feature of a Christian! But this leads us to see,

2d. That, though a perfection of knowledge is unattainable, there is a perfection of love!

"Perfect love," says St. John—this is Christian perfection, when love stands out visibly, and draws every other power into exercise under its presiding influence.

This is the perfection of God—"God is love;" and every other attribute of His—whether holiness, justice, goodness, truth, &c.—is but a modification of this essential principle—the existence of this love in a certain mode!

This, then, must be my perfection. Love must be prominent; it must draw out the memory—the judgment—touch the spring of action, &c. Oh, what a heaven is this! when love dwells in the heart, looks out at the eye, beams in the face, breathes from the lips, distils from the hands, moves in the feet, and creates an atmosphere all around which angels might delight to inhale! "He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him. And hereby we know that he abideth in us, by the spirit which he hath given us."

3d. The highest possible point of attainment in Christian perfection is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and mind, and soul, and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself." Without a metaphysical de-

finition of terms, our Lord means that "we should love with the whole man." Here, then, behold the perfection in kind: "Love him with thy heart;" and in degree: "with all thy heart." St. John says, that "perfect love casteth out fear." Such a thing, therefore, must exist, or how did he know?

Oh if this principle, thus carried out in its fullest extent, had full operation in my heart! Oh, how should I preach, and act, and think? Oh, where do the Christians live? Had it operation in yours, then might it be said of you, "See how these Christians love!" Oh, how it would

> "Burn up the dross of base desires,
> And make the mountains flow."

Oh how it would destroy all evil surmisings, all uncharitableness, &c. Lord purify us to thyself! Sublimate our affections!

Now this is what we call holiness—which I would define as the perfect harmony of every part of the Christian

character. The holiness of God is the harmony of all his attributes, the unity of all his perfections—love being the common centre. The holiness of a Christian is the harmony of the whole man with the abounding principle of love; all his thoughts and actions evolve from the centre—are held in restraint thereby—and all feel the power of its mighty rule! Love is all!

4th. But in our definition of perfection there is another idea we have to glance at, and we can only touch it; this is the adaptation now of such a man for the sphere for which God designed him. Oh, how he steps out into life! See him! serving God and his generation! His is not a principle of life merely, but life in full vigor. A child can talk, and a paralytic can crawl, but the perfect man opens his mouth with wisdom; the law of loving kindness is on his lips; he is eyes to the blind and feet to the lame; he mounts up to heaven as on wings; he runs without weariness; he is a vessel unto honor: he is

fitted by the Master's hand! Oh, what a state is this!

"Now the God of peace, which brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect to do his will;" there is the point!—and then his will is done on earth as in heaven! SUMMERFIELD.

THE NEW BIRTH.

Suffer me, dear fellow traveller to the bar of Almighty God, to ask you if you are yet in your sins? if you are, let me beseech you to remember the words of our blessed Saviour to Nicodemus "except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of Heaven." Look into your Bible, and you may find it in

the third chapter of John's Gospel. There it is, as with the finger of God pointing to it, and with two seals. Verily, verily, I say unto thee, it is at thy peril, O man, whoever thou art, if thou turn away, and wilt not hearken to the word of God. Remember, O remember, that the terms of thy salvation are fixed, and cannot be altered. "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." For God's sake, and for your soul's sake, let me beg of you to take care, lest your case become desperate, that, by perseverance in your sins and unbelief, you cut off all possibility of retreat to God for mercy. If you die in your sins, you will have eternity to reflect on the sad choice you have made. Surely you will not say, that it is beneath the dignity of a man to fear, where there is just cause to fear, especially where the soul's happiness is at stake. Of the truth of religion how can you doubt? If you reject the evidence of the Scriptures, it must be because you will not admit its doctrines; and, if this is the

case, you would not believe though one arose from the dead. Do not say, as many have said, that you can do whatever is right or fit to be done, in and of yourself, or from the dictates of reason. So far from this being the case, the experience of every man teaches him, that although he tries ever so much, in his natural state, to do good, yet he violates laws he knows he ought to keep.

All right and holy affections and pure actions are ascribed in the Scriptures to the direct operation of the Spirit of God upon the heart; and every good man's experience accords precisely with this statement. The conversion of the heart is from God, and it consists not merely in the forgiveness of sins, but in the changing of the heart, regulating the desires, and the return of our affections to the best and wisest of beings. The death of Christ was not only to deliver man from under the wrath of God, but to render sin hateful to him, and to tear its roots out of his soul. There is a disease at heart which no human skill

can cure. Now, supposing it were possible that a man's sins could be pardoned, and his heart remain still in its unchanged state, his soul would still be a prey to spiritual death, and though the gates of hell should be shut against him, he would be unhappy, and that for the best of reasons, he could not love that God who was so kind as to forgive his sins, and the whole bent of his mind would still be to do evil, and that continually. Let but God have the heart, and it is certain that all our actions and words would be of that pure and virtuous kind, that heaven itself would be pleased with, for the stream will ever be of the nature of its fountain. Thus Christ blesses and saves, by subduing every vile affection, and turning men away from their sins; for this purpose Christ died to destroy the works of the Devil; and that heaven might receive with eternal joys millions of precious souls from the very jaws of hell: now this is indeed and of a truth—the salvation of Christ; the guilty are par-

doned; the polluted cleansed; the erring soul restored, and the moral disease of his heart healed.

I trust, my friends, you understand me, for this is the foundation and superstructure of all human happiness. Man was made for God, and none but God can make him happy; there are many objections made against the operations of the spirit of God upon the heart, and one of them is the want of fruits in some who profess that they have the spirit of Christ; but the Bible never taught that such have the spirit of Christ—the Gospel is a stranger to such a doctrine; if taught at all, it must be in some other school than that of Christ. The Scriptures give us a plain rule to judge by; the Apostle James, speaks of two kinds of wisdom, one is from above, and is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated; full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy; the other is from beneath; its fruits are envying, strife, confusion, and

every evil work—it is earthly, sensual, and devilish. What a difference there is, you may easily see, between confusion and peace, strife and gentleness; every good work and every evil work. How the new birth is performed no one can tell but him that does it, but the effects produced by it every man may see. The wind you can feel, and see its effects, but cannot tell from whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth, so is every one that is born of God. How the spirit cometh or how it goeth you cannot tell. Let us spend another moment, to show that those who have experienced this change of heart know it. I have been surprised at hearing some say, that a man might have the religion of the Bible and not know it. Let us examine this. What is the religion of the Bible? it is the same as that of heaven—it is love, love to God, and love to all men. Now, let this love be triumphant in the human heart, and what would follow? Why that God would be the object of our continual

imitation; now if this would be the case, and how can any man deny it, would it not be a matter of knowledge to the Disciple of its author? I would ask him, that really loves his compa nion, his children, his friends, and his country, whether he can, at the same time that he does so love them, doubt the sincerity of his affections? Now, if there can be a certainty here, with regard to our fellows, is it not consistent that a man should know that he loves his God, when his affections are centered in him. The Scriptures say "that to those that believe, Christ is precious." Shall it not then be a subject of certainty? Thank God it is. Again, those that love God act consistently toward him; they study to please him, because they love him, they think of him, they draw all their comfort and support from him, it is the delight of their souls to obey him; they do not render a cold reluctant obedience to God—it is a cheerful, voluntary obedience to the kindest and best of friends.

Neither is it a matter of indifference to them, when the cause of God languishes, and when his name is profaned; and this happy state of things is not produced through terror or a fear of punishment—it is the spirit of God that has penetrated the soul, changed the man, and produced a willing love in his heart to that being whom before he could not love. O, if this pure love of heaven filled the hearts of all men, and continued to do so, you might at once bid farewell to all hard sayings, unkind and dishonest dealings, and to all penalties, bolts, and bars, and prisons, for if this love truly reigned in the hearts of men, there would be no willing injury, this earth would be a type of heaven.

I have now, friends, endeavored to show you what that religion is that comes down from heaven; suffer me, still further to persuade you to embrace this religion, and we shall exhort you, in view of present happiness, to turn to God; experience and the word of

God authorizes us to do so, for if peace and tranquility of mind here, and a glorious prospect of heaven hereafter, with a certain conviction that all things are working together for the eternal good of the righteous—if these are ingredients in human happiness, and who will say they are not, these are certainly to be had by a religious life. Now, this so little depends on outward circumstances, that the rich, the poor, the learned, the unlearned, the King, and his subjects, may all have it alike. Thus, Job, in his prosperity, possessed this peace and tranquility of soul, and when he was cast into the furnace of affliction, stripped of all his riches, and suffered the loss of all his children, he said, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." It is true, religion does not promise its possessor earthly rewards, such as this world's riches, or the honor and the admiration of this world. If it did, religion would be a different thing from what it now is; its very na-

ture would be changed; it would then be earthly, sensual, and instead of our Saviour saying, "My kingdom is not of this world," he would have said, my kingdom is of this world, and his followers would be more loth to die, than even his enemies would be. The way religion now stands, it teaches its possessor to look forward, with the feelings of an exile, who, amidst various comforts, still thinks of his home, his family, and his native country, so with the Christian, although he may have many comforts here, still his heart clings around Canaan's peaceful shore, he feels that he is a stranger and a pilgrim, his home is over Jordan.

PERSEVERE AND YOU WILL SUCCEED.

I trust by this time, my converted friend, you have begun to reflect, and that you are persuaded in your own mind that all is not right in your heart. It may be that up to this time, you have never asked yourself the question, what is religion? and now that your mind is somewhat awake to this subject, you are ready to say is there hope for such a one as me, if so, tell me. If this be your state I will tell you of something that may comfort your heart. O that God may make it a blessing to your soul!

I suppose you are now sick at heart, and desire to be freed from the bondage of sin, and to have your heart changed by the grace of God.

If your desire was fixed upon the attainment of some temporal good, it

might be denied out of mercy to your soul, but now that you desire the true riches, if you ask in faith, the desire of your heart will be granted.

God to show his willingness to save sinners, hath spoken by the mouth of his prophet, saying: "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn and live, turn ye! turn ye, for why will ye die?"

From the text just quoted, and many similar texts, that will occur, to your own mind, you are doubtless satisfied of the willingness of God to save sinners, if they comply with the requirements of the gospel.

The steps that must be taken in order to obtain salvation, I will endeavor to point out to you. In the first place, there must be a firm resolution, a fixed purpose, that having once commenced seeking the salvation of your soul, never to turn back again to the beggarly elements of the world. If there be but a half resolution, or if you are wavering

in your purpose, there is but little hope of your succeeding, the principle upon which you must act, is this, you must resolve to relinquish every thing that would hinder your seeking God. You will have no difficulty in ascertaining how far this principle must be carried. Our divine teacher tells us, if any man love father or mother, more than me, he is not worthy of me. Again, if thy hand offend thee cut it off and cast it from thee, or thine eye, pluck it out. But it extends farther still, even to the parting with our lives. "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it," &c. Now we understand our Saviour's words to mean, that we must be willing to undergo any amount of privation or suffering, rather than to sin against him, although we are not to rush heedlessly into danger, yet we are not to omit any duty to avoid it, let it come from what quarter it may. It may be you will not have any opposition but what is common to seekers of religion, but be assured of this one thing, there is not a natural

fear lurking in thy heart, not a passion, no weakness, nor vanity within thy soul, but what the devil and the enemies of Christ know how to lay hold of, and how to make use of it to your disadvantage. And no doubt they will do it in a greater or less degree, that they may hinder you from becoming truly pious.

It will be of great service to you to ascertain the weaknesses of your own mind, and your besetting sin, which, if you are not upon your guard, may deliver you up as a prey to those who lay in wait to destroy you.

It is one step toward our success, to see the dangers we are exposed to, that having obtained a knowledge of our weak places, we may guard against any surprise.

You will remember that temptations are common to all that start for heaven. The servant is not above his master. You may read of the temptations of Christ, and you would do well to remember the promise: that you shall not

be tempted above what you are able to bear, and that in every temptation God will make a way for you to escape.

You have seen, in my own experience, that one of the greatest hindrances with which I met in seeking religion was the fear of man, or a fear of being despised by those who set little or no value on a religious or pious life.

The ruling passion of my heart was the pride of this world. This was my besetting sin. Your case may be different, yet if you examine carefully you may find some particular weakness which you would do well to guard against. Some men are naturally of a quick and hasty temper, and are easily overcome. Others are possessed with a great degree of levity, which, if not guarded against, would very seriously operate against their soul's salvation.

We shall now refer again to your resolution; it must be made in the strength of God, and understandingly, that is, upon the ground of reason. It supposes that you have carefully examined your

heart, your life, your duty to God, to man, and to yourself, and that you have counted the cost. Now this is starting fair, and if you persevere you will succeed. You now feel that you are a sinner. And I trust a broken hearted sinner, and that you are now waiting to hear what further I may say to you upon a subject that concerns you more than any other.

You must now avail yourself of all helps or means of grace, that God has provided for the salvation of your soul. And one of the most important of these, is prayer. Although you may repent of your sins without prayer, and faith in Christ, you cannot be saved. But could you wish to have religion on easier terms than asking for it?

But how shall you ask? Many ask and do not receive; the reason why they do not receive is because they do not ask aright. Let us take care that we fall not into the error, which many fall into, who think they pray while they only say prayers.

Although they ask for what is right, it is only in word, they do not feel their need of the things for which they ask, they pray from mere duty, or from some other motive known to themselves and to God. Verily they have their reward, but it is such as the world gives. It is to be feared that there are thousands who only say their prayers.

There must be a corresponding desire in your heart to your prayer, or God will not hear it. It would be strange if he answered your words if they were contrary to the desire of your heart; God is consistent, and so you must be.

But the desire to be saved from all sin must not only correspond with your prayers, but it must be intense and paramount to every other desire. You may see successful prayer recorded in the sacred Scriptures to have been of this kind. Jacob evinced such a desire; also the woman of Canaan, the jailor, and many others.

Again, you must persevere in prayer,

you must continue to ask, as a little girl once said, and it will come—you shall have it.

It will not do to send your petition up to heaven, and go away and forget it. Although you cannot be all the time upon your knees, you may raise your thoughts to heaven, that your prayer may be answered while you are at work.

Our Saviour says that the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light.

We have seen men get up a petition for some special purpose, and send it to Congress. How careful they were to have it properly drawn up, and then to put it into proper hands, and, having done all they could, how anxiously they wait to know the result.

You must put your petition in the hands of Christ, and do not rest until it is answered. You must, like Jacob, determine never to give up until you obtain your desire. The woman of Canaan was not answered at her first

request—the Saviour did not seem to notice her; but she would not be repulsed, and at last obtained her request.

You must not only persevere in asking, but you must also ask in faith. Now faith is the gift of God, and you must ask God for it.

Faith and perseverance are two important things in prayer; faith lays hold of the promises of God, perseverance holds on.

Labor, therefore, to believe with all your heart. But all this must be done in and through the blessed Saviour, for there is no other name whereby we can be saved.

Cast yourself as a poor helpless child on the mercy of your Heavenly Father, pleading the merits of Christ, and his atoning blood.

Be careful to attend the administration of God's word, and all other means of grace, as often as possible. And I am persuaded that if you will attend seriously to what has been said, you will find your way to happiness and heaven.

Now, my dear friends, I can go no further with my message. What good you may derive from the perusal of it, I cannot say. The hand that pens these lines will soon be in the cold and silent tomb. And if this work should be the means, in the hand of God, of saving one soul, then its value, notwithstanding its many imperfections, would be greater than the brightest crown that monarchs ever wore.

Oh that God, who knows the motives and the sincerity of my heart in sending this little work among my fellow creatures, would bless my poor endeavors, and prosper it to the winning of many souls from the evil of their ways, and bring them to everlasting joys. Which favor I most humbly ask in the name of Jesus, the ever blessed Saviour, to whom, with the Father and ever blessed spirit, be all praise, honor, and dominion, now and for ever more, amen and amen.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

The Church of Christ, though despised and rejected by vast multitudes of intelligent beings, is the most interesting and important institution in the world. In its visible character, that is, as it appears to mankind, it embraces all those who profess the religion of Jesus Christ, but, in the eyes of that God who searches the heart, it embraces only those who really love God, and are the true followers of Christ. It is the kingdom of Christ moving forward under his own direction. This church began to be formed just after the fall; it was found in the family of Seth; it then had no written word; the way of salvation was made known by word of mouth. At the time of the flood, there were but eight souls found composing this church. The flood came and hur-

ried the wicked into everlasting ruin; and, after Noah's removal from the earth, his descendants departed from God, until the very existence of the church seemed to be brought to a termination, but, thank God! Abraham now became one of its strongest pillars. To him God renewed his covenant, and, as a seal, commanded him and all his house to be circumcised; Isaac and Jacob received the like blessing. The church continued among their descendants, and in the days of Moses a written law was given to it. Now that light which was till now but faint, began to brighten up. The day began to dawn. The church had all along been in its infancy, but was now rising to childhood.

The ceremonial law pointed to the great provision which had been made for the salvation of all men, and which would be clearly revealed at the proper time. As years passed away, the church though few in number, and much afflicted, yet having Christ for its head, salvation for its crown, and eternal glory

in view, withstood the storms and persecutions of surrounding nations; all the time foretelling the death and sufferings of Christ, and shadowing forth that grand system of grace which is now unfolded in the New Testament.

In the fulness of time, Christ, the great Head of the church came into the world, and, by this glorious event, a new dispensation was introduced, the old one having answered all the purpose for which it was intended, was now to pass away forever; the middle wall of partition between the Jews and Gentiles was broken down. The church now started afresh in its glorious march. The Gospel was to be preached to all men, both Jews and Gentiles. Thus the church went onward, and in a few days after the resurrection of the blessed Saviour we hear of one hundred and twenty, then of five thousand, being added to it, and then increasing more and more, till, in almost every city, a large body of Christians might be found, and, though, since that time, great and

powerful efforts have been made to destroy the Church of Christ, many of its members have been put to death and suffered the most cruel tortures; still its march is onward—it is founded on a rock, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. It shall increase in great splendor and true glory, till its members shall mingle before the throne of God and sing the song of redeeming love.

How cheering it is to the heart of a Christian to know that notwithstanding the many differences and various creeds and forms of church government among the disciples of Christ, that there is one great Master Builder, who is guiding that vast moral engine, which is at work for the salvation of the world. The Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist and others, may not agree in matters of church order, or in church discipline, yet if they are real Christians, they are all united to the same blessed Saviour—the Cross of Christ and the grace of God is their common property—the

grand subject of their preaching is Christ and him crucified, and the comfort and joy of their hearts is the same pure love of God! Blessed be God; in this respect they have but one language; united to Christ, we are united to one another. The language of the Christian ought to be, if thy heart be right with God, brother, give me thy hand. Would to God there was more union and fellowship among professing Christians, but he is not a Christian in the eye of God who is only one outwardly. Oh! could the history of God's church be written and published by the hand of Jesus, how small would it appear to what it now does; how many of the high-minded professors and learned clergy would find their names and themselves too, excluded from the book of life, while many of the poor and despised followers of the Redeemer would find their names at the head of the register. But, thank God, though there are many who pretend to be what they are not, Christ has a little flock to whom

he says "fear not," and while the name of Methodist, Presbyterian and Baptist, and towns and kingdoms shall pass away, the church of Christ shall abide forever, having Zion's King for its head, guided by the Holy Ghost, protected by an Almighty power, though it has and will yet have its trials, it shall stand when the world shall fall.

BEHOLD HOW SHE LOVED HIM.

Very early in the morning, before it was yet light, two pious women might have been seen leaving their lonely cottage, and no doubt their sleepless pillows, for we might suppose they had been watching for the day, and talking of their departed friend, the ever-blessed Redeemer. But now we see the two

Marys bending their way onward, laden with spices, toward the tomb of their beloved, in order to embalm his body.

See them hasting onward, weeping as they go. Their hopes and their comforts seem to have been shrouded in that silent tomb. But it occurred to their minds that the stone which had been rolled to the mouth of the sepulchre by the two disciples of Jesus was large and heavy.

Oh, who shall roll away the stone? our strength is small! Now, with a sorrowful heart and weeping eyes they go on. At length they reach the sacred spot—an angel from heaven had rolled the stone away, and was now setting upon it. They approach the sepulchre, but behold their Lord is not there! Poor Mary Magdalene! her heart was now ready to burst with grief. She goes and tells Peter and John and returns with them to the sepulchre. Peter and John went into the sepulchre, and saw the linen cloths lying there,

but the body of Jesus was not there. They leave and return to their homes —but not so with Mary. She stayed behind. She can not, and will not, leave the sacred spot: she stood weeping, stooping down, and looking into the sepulchre. Ah, Mary you once wept at his feet—now you stand without the sepulchre weeping; and, as you weep, you keep looking in where your Lord had been laid, as though you thought your eyes might deceive you; certainly he must be there.

When Jesus stood at the grave of Lazarus weeping, the Jews said, "Behold how he loves him!" And may we not now say, behold how Mary loves him? There she stood weeping —the others did not. To the grave she came before the disciples, and, when she found not her Saviour, she leaves to tell them—returns—and, although the disciples are gone, she continued at the silent tomb.

At length, as if out of compassion, an angel speaks, "Woman, why weepest

thou?" She answered, "because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have taken him." Here was the cause of Mary's tears. The angel told Mary to fear not; her Lord was risen from the dead, and she should yet see him; but Mary would not be comforted. She heard a voice saying, "Woman, why weepest thou; whom seekest thou?" She turned around, and saw a person whom she supposed to be the gardener. Mary answered, "Sir, if thou hast borne him hence, tell me where thou hast borne him, and I will take him away." Mark, "and I will take him away." How was this possible? Sure she forgot a woman's weakness. Not only the body of her Lord would she carry, but one hundred pounds of spices and other odors, with which the body of Christ had been embalmed. But what will not love do? Actuated by this pure love for her Redeemer, the darkness of the morning, and the Roman soldiers that watch at the sepulchre, could not affright her away.

Now she says, "Tell me, sir gardener, or whoever you are, where you have borne him, and I will go and carry him away." She mentions no name. "It is him whom I love; surely thou canst not be ignorant of whom I mean; it is him, and only him, the fairest among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely: tell me, if thou knowest where he is." Again Jesus speaks—for he whom Mary had taken for the gardener was none other than Jesus himself, who was risen from the dead. He says but one word, that is "Mary!" Oh! who can describe the effects of that one word! She had often heard that voice before pronounce the word Mary—it was so familiar she could not be mistaken. It now acted like a cordial to her sorrowful heart—it breathed a hallowed sweetness through her soul; she knew it was her Jesus; and now happy Mary was ready to fly in his arms or fall at his feet, but Jesus forbid her; "Mary don't you touch me. I have not ascended yet to my God and your God, to my

Father and your Father: but run and tell Peter."

Away she goes with a glad heart and a quick step, and finds Peter. "Peter the Lord is risen; I have seen him, and you shall see him too." Then the disciples were filled with gladness; and when they had assembled together, Jesus appears in the midst and says, "Peace be unto you."

Oh that our desires might be directed, like Mary's, to one point, even to Jesus, who arose and went to heaven, and now is seated at the right hand of God, interceding for us. Heaven can behold nothing on earth so lovely as a perfect Christian. Though perhaps he may be confined to a cottage, and is but little known, and as little esteemed among mankind, yet he is the beloved of God —the charge of angels—and preparing for everlasting glory. Reader! may you be of one of those happy souls.

THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS AND THE WICKED CONTRASTED.

In yonder room there might be seen two persons lying on the bed of death. The character of one, up to the hour of mortal struggle with the king of terrors, has been one of sensual delights; his heart has all along been the abode of selfishness and those sinful passions that render a man wretched. He has convictions, it is true, but they are those that make him tremble; his soul is filled with horror; he has no hope of victory through the cross of Christ; his affections are not in heaven, but they have been fastened on earth; there is nothing before him now but death in all its dreadful forms—death temporal, death spiritual, death eternal—not one ray of hope is before him. His condition is one of ruin, entire ruin, and utter de-

struction; indeed, the mind of man cannot conceive his awful condition. He fears to take the awful plunge—he shrinks back—he raises the bitter prayer. Alas! it is too late! He turns back his dimming eyes, he sinks to rise no more.

Near his side you may behold the man of God, with a heavenly countenance, and with a glad and brilliant expectation, and with an elevated assurance of heaven; he draws near to the cold stream of death with smiles. I see him stand at the water's edge. "Oh, death, to me thou hast no dread—I am not afraid to die!" The veil which has so long hid his rich reward from his eyes, is now about to be withdrawn. He beholds his Saviour on the other shore; nay, he comes over on earth's dark side, and bears him to the promised land. With these views he welcomes death, and breathes out his latest sigh.

But hark! I hear a shout in the camp of heaven—the heavenly arches ring—

all heaven welcomes the disembodied soul—and heaven resounds with "come ye blessed." A little while ago he lay tossed to and fro on the bed of death, while friends and relations stood weeping and bidding him a last farewell. But now he has joined in the general shout, and sings the song of redeeming love, where sickness and sorrow never come, where parting will be no more.

Thus they both die; both are carried to the same grave yard. Over one friends weep and mourn like those that have no hope. Over the other angels strike their harps afresh. On the sleeping dust of that righteous one the eye of God is fixed. No matter if his resting place, instead of a bed of down, should be a bed of gravel; his repose is deep and undisturbed, his sorrowful bosom heaves no more, his tears are forever dried up; while his soul is in glory, how quiet his body rests in the arms of its mother dust! the voice of thunder cannot awaken him. The stormy winds and the fury of the hur-

ricane shall pass over his grave unheeded; yea, even the giant arm of the earthquake shall not be able to disturb the chambers of death.

But my thoughts carry me one step further. Let us suppose the time is now come when the affairs of all men shall be wound up—when the earth's history shall come to a close—and when the church of Christ shall appear to all men as it now appears in the sight of that God who searches the heart. Behold the Judge descending—but oh! how unlike the man that groaned on Calvary,—yet it is he, that man of sorrows! But now he comes in grandeur terrible. What a contrast! How different from his first coming—then as a babe in all humility, now as the king of glory and the terror of the whole world; then a few shepherds told of his advent, now he comes with a mighty train, with all his holy angels and ten thousands of his saints; then as a lamb, now as the lion of the tribe of Judah; then he was judged by one man, now he is judge of

all the earth; then he was crowned with thorns, now he comes to crown the saints with crowns of glory.

A voice is heard loud and shrill—it reaches the deepest grave, "Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment." Imagine, dear reader, the wonders of that day. The voice of the Son of God will shake the world, rend the rocks, break the mountains, burst the iron gates of hell, and unite all spirits to their own bodies. Yea, this is the day, not only of judgment, but of a general resurrection; the graves and fields, and plains and seas shall burst open, and the dead shall arise and stand on their feet, and all nations shall be gathered before the Judge. But they are divided; the saints are on the right hand of the Judge, while the wicked are on the left. Now I see among that glorious company on the right, that blessed saint whose death we have been contemplating. What joys he has, is past my telling. Oh! the welcome that Christ gives him. "Come ye blessed of my Father;" eve-

ry word here is full of comfort; "inherit the kingdom;" here is your Father's house—a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. But on the left I behold that unhappy one whose end we have seen in yonder room. The awful sentence is pronounced: "depart from me ye workers of iniquity into everlasting fire." No tongue can tell the horrors of that soul; the shrieks and horrid cries: oh! the wailings and wringing of hands—but I shall follow him no farther; he falls into the bottomless pit, with all others who have slighted the mercy of God—and there I must leave him.

HOW FAR IS IT TO CANAAN?

"How far is it to Canaan?" asks the doubting Christian, "for I am sadly afraid I shall never get there. My sins are a heavy burden to me, and I long to be rid of them; if, indeed, there is hope for such a one as I." Go on, poor doubting Christian, take fresh courage and quicken thy steps. Canaan is not so far off but thou shalt reach it at last, and if thou couldst know how willing the Saviour of sinners is to receive thee, it would shed a sun-beam on thy dejected countenance. I have a word of comfort for thee, a cordial for thy heart. "I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins."

"How far is it to Canaan?" asks the triumphant Christian, "for I long to be at home. 'I know that my Redeemer

liveth,' and I am impatient to behold him face to face." Go forward; triumph Christian, with the glorious ring of assurance upon thy finger! Cast not away thy confidence, which hath "great recompense of reward." But stay, I have a word for thee also, which may be useful. Ponder it in thy heart. "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed, lest he fall."

"How far is it to Canaan?" inquires the afflicted Christian, "for I have lain a long while upon the bed of suffering. 'Wearisome nights are appointed me.' I am full of tossing to and fro, even unto the dawning of day. 'Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away, and be at rest.'"

Be of good cheer, afflicted Christian. The heavier the cross, the more pleasant will be the crown. If we suffer with Christ, we shall also be glorified with Christ. I have a word to refresh thy fainting soul, and I will now give it thee: "The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared

with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

"How far is it to Canaan?" asks the persecuted Christian, "for I am an outcast from my family, a stranger upon earth. Like my Lord, I am 'despised and rejected of men.' 'Many are they that rise up against me, and they hate me with a cruel hatred.'"

Hold on, thy way, persecuted Christian. It is a safe one, and a blessed one; yea, the one thy Redeemer trod before thee. Dost thou want a word of consolation? I will give it thee; lay it up in thy bosom: "Blessed are ye, when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of Man's sake. Rejoice, yea, in that day, and leap for joy; for, behold, your reward is great in heaven."

"How far is it to Canaan?" sighs the bereaved Christian, "for I am a lonely and desolate pilgrim. All that were dear to me on earth are taken away.

My tears have been my meat night and day, and day and night, and my soul yearns for the land where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor sighing."

Pass on, bereaved Christian; the more lonely thy pilgrimage, the sweeter thy reception at the end. The Lord whom thou servest, hath a special care and pity for desolate ones. Take these words with thee, and they may refresh thy spirit. For, even though they be desolate, "The redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads; they shall obtain gladness and joy: and sorrow and mourning shall flee away."

"How far is it to Canaan?" asks the dying Christian, "for the swellings of Jordan are risen about my soul; fearfulness and trembling are come upon me. Alas! I sink in deep waters; I shall not see the land that flows with milk and honey."

Look, poor dying Christian, for yon-

der is the bright and morning star; the night is far spent and the day is at hand. Is thine arm too feeble to be put forth for the book of God? Then I must even hold it up before your eyes. Look on these words, and let neither flame nor flood affright thee; be of good courage, for they are the words of Him who has promised when flesh and heart fail, to be the strength of thy heart, and thy portion forever: "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flames kindle upon thee, for I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour."

RECORDER.

"AND THE DISCIPLES WERE CALLED CHRISTIANS FIRST AT ANTIOCH." Acts ii. 26.

Luke, the Evangelist, after having given us the history of our blessed Lord, proceeds to inform us of the state, condition, and behaviour of those faithful followers he left behind on the earth. Luke tells us that the gracious promises that Christ had made while he was yet with them, began to be fulfilled soon after he had ascended to that heaven from whence his love had brought him down. When the day of Pentecost was fully come, the disciples were baptized with the Holy Spirit and with fire sent down from heaven, qualifying them to preach the gospel to the world, and giving them an earnest of success by blessing their first efforts, in the conversion of about three thousand souls.

The first believers were of one heart and one soul. They continued steadfast in the Apostles' doctrine, and had all things in common. They might have been content to have lived together in Jerusalem, until death had transplanted them to the Jerusalem which is above; but the Lord had appointed them to be the salt of the earth, and the light of the world. The rage of their enemies affected that separation which believers in Christ are so loath to yield to. Little did Herod and the wicked Jews think what would be the result of the persecutions they raised against the church of Christ, but persecutors often counteract their own designs. So they did here, for we are told that those whom they scattered abroad went every where preaching the word. And the word of the Lord ran and was glorified. Thus, their bitterest enemies contributed not a little to push the blessed work forward.

The faithful followers of the Lamb had been called sometimes Nazarenes,

and Galileans, babblers, pestilent fellows, and the like; but, at length, when they grew more numerous, and societies were regularly formed, they began to bear a more general name. St. Luke has informed us that this was the case in fact, and has likewise told us where it was first obtained. The disciples were called Christians first at Antioch. Now if we consider the state of the city of Antioch, before the time, and at the time, and since the event of the followers of Christ receiving the name of Christians, first in that city, we may gather some instruction, which ought to be our view in all we read. But all we read and hear concerning religion will do us but little good if we do not look to the great Author and Fountain of all grace for that aid and assistance without which we can do nothing to advantage.

Antioch, the capital of Syria, was built about three hundred years before Christ. It was once a most flourishing city; the seat and residence of Antiochus, one of the most cruel and invete-

rate enemies of the church and people of God. But look at the power and the goodness of God! He sets bounds to the rage of the adversary, beyond which he cannot go. Upon this very spot, where this grand enemy had so long encamped, he erected one of the first general standards of the Gospel. And what may we learn from this? May we not encourage ourselves from the experience of past ages as well as from the sure promises of Scripture, that, however much the wicked may counsel together against the followers of Christ, God will bring about what they least desire: the welfare and the glory of his own church in spite of all their malice. He can introduce his worship into those places which, at present, are destitute, and for this we should continually pray.

The state of Antioch, at the time the disciples were first called Christians, was dissolute even to a proverb. Whether the disciples took upon themselves the name of Christians, or whether they

were so called at the first by their enemies, we cannot doubt but that it was a term of the most extreme reproach, among that wicked people. No name of any sect from that time to the present, implied, perhaps, half the contempt which an inhabitant of Antioch intended when he called a man a Christian.

It is true the outward state of things is much changed, and the external profession of Christianity is now no reproach. But let us not suppose that the nature of things is changed too. It was in those days, a received maxim that "All who will live godly in Christ Jesus, must suffer persecution," and this is still a truth, founded upon scripture and confirmed by experience. Christian reader, if we know nothing of it in our own cases, is it not to be feared that our tempers and manners are too conformable to this wicked world. Christian, here is a test. Let us try ourselves. Could we glory in the name under the same circumstances as the disciples bore it, at Antioch?

But, once more. Antioch, the city where the gospel once flourished so extensively, and where the Christian church received that name by which it is still called, is now no more. It has been a heap of ruins for more than five hundred years. The light of the gospel has been long withdrawn. Oh, that our yet happy land would take a timely warning; our privileges are great; greater, all things considered, than any nation has possessed since the days of Solomon. Our preservation has been wonderful. Often have we been in extreme danger, but have always found deliverance at hand. But let us not be high-minded; our sins, as a nation, have been and still are very great, and God, we see, is no more a respecter of places than of persons. Antioch and ancient Philadelphia, with many others, have long since been destroyed. Are not the judgments of God now upon us? In the midst of plenty are we not in a famine. Our liberties, our properties, our religion are in God's hands. May he incline our

hearts to true repentance, lest our blessings should be taken from us and given to a people that will bring forth more fruit.

I suppose the name Christian is from God himself, and a Christian is a child of God, by faith in Christ. Let us beware of a Christianity without Christ. That would be no better than a house without a foundation, a tree without a root, a body without a head, a hope without a hope, and a delusion which if persisted in, will end in destruction, for "other foundation can no man lay than than that which is laid," Christ Jesus. He is the corner-stone, chosen of God, and precious. Alas, for those who are offended with him in whom God is well pleased. O how much is comprised in the word Christian! But, alas! modern Christians, for the most part, are only so by profession, and have neither right nor pretence to the ancient spirit that those eminent servants of Christ who lived immediately after him had. As he was, so were they, in the world.

He was their pattern, and they found exactly the same opposition.

"If any man," says St. Paul, "have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his." Does not having the spirit of Christ mean to have a turn of mind conformable to the mind that was in Christ Jesus—and this to be evidenced by a life and conversation suitable to his precepts and example? No pen can describe, no heart conceive, the life of the Son of God in the flesh! Now, he that saith he abideth in Him ought himself so to walk, even as he walked. I will cite one passage of Scripture.—Christian, may you and I look at it. "He that saith, I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him." 1 John, iii. 4. If we have no more than the name of Christian, what shall we do in that awful hour when God shall speak in ten thousand thunders to all, who, in this life, mock him with an empty outside worship. Then it will be said, "I know you not," "I never knew

you." If what I have now named be all we have got, we may read our doom already. Oh, consider this, and let us repent and turn to God. Finally, let those who, through grace, worship God in spirit and in truth, be careful to hold fast their profession. Remember the words, brother, "Blessed are ye when men revile you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake." Mat. v. 2. You observe, the evil spoken of must be false and groundless, and secondly, the cause must be for the sake of Christ. Many make a mistake here. They suppose they suffer for Christ's sake, when it is for their singularities, either in sentiment or practice, which cannot be maintained from the Word of God. Let us labor to have the innocence and simplicity of the dove blended with true wisdom. Let us bring all our remarks and experiences to the touch-stone of God's holy word: then, amidst the various discouragements which may arise from remaining ignorance in ourselves, or in

others, we may take comfort in reflecting that we are drawing near to the land of light, where there will be no darkness at all, and we shall be satisfied with rivers of pleasure, which are before the throne of God, in a world without an end.

TO THE REV. JAMES MOORE.

Belov'd of Heaven! Favor'd of the Lord!
Farewell! My heart did utter when the freed
Spirit, born on angels' wings, mounted
Upward to its God. Methinks a raptur'd
Note of joy rang from the harps of angel
Bands when thy soul found a welcome in
The sky. I love to think of thee. But
Not as bending 'neath the weight of years—nor
Withering 'mid fever's scorching blight—nor
Languishing in pain. But as I saw
Thee last,—just as the sun was fading in
The darkly crimson'd West, and cast his
Fitful rays upon the bed of death, as
If to mimic that calm hallowed scene
When thy fluttering spirit sought to free
Itself from shackles of mortality, and
Cast on earth its last bright beam of gladness
Ere it pass'd away.
With trembling arm uprais'd,
Thy finger pointing to the sky, thy tongue
Faltering in its last attempt to whisper
"Yes," my soul is safe amidst death's ravages.
Oh! 'tis so sweetly solemn thus to stand with
Watching angels round the Christian's couch, and
See him die; and learn the lesson which his
Closing scene conveys.—
Yes, disenthral'd from
Earth, and from thy tottering tenement
Of clay—I love to think of thee, amid
The undecaying bliss of heaven—
Reposing at the Saviour's side, wreath'd with

A never fading crown—array'd in vestments
Pure and white—the deep fount of thy soul e'er
Pouring forth melodious strains, and thy
Lyre chanting melifluously the song
All Heaven sings.
A rich reward for all thy
Toil, thou sacrificing, self-denying one!
Praised be the Lord! Thou art forever safe!
Well hast thou in thy Master's service wrought!
And now the welcome plaudits given on
Earth, thou hast been faithful, I will make thee
Ruler over many things in heaven! Come
Thou bless'd of my Father, take thy seat near
To my Throne!
Blest vet'ran of the cross, rest,
Sweetly, safely rest! Thy ashes sleep
Beneath the weeping willow's shade; and
Humble stone the mem'ry keeps; and often
Faithful friends with sighing winds sing requiems
O'er thy quiet grave.
Long as life lasts in
Mem'ry's temple, shall thy image be enshrin'd!
And when the sweet soft breath of spring embalms
The air, and 'wakes the flowers, I'll wander to
Thy tomb, and scatter there these emblems of
Thy sainted spirit; blooming, fragrant, fresh,
And pure, high in the bowers of heaven.
I will remember thee as in the sacred
Desk thou stoodst; thy tearful eyes and thrilling strain
Which kindly cheer'd the Christian's heart, and led
The iniquitous wanderer back to God.
I'll think how oft, in childhood's blithesome hour,
When seated on thy knee, thou bade my youthful
Heart forget not its Creator, and unravel'd
To my list'ning ear the tale of Bethlehem's
Babe—the manger and the cross—and of
The dark sepulchral vault, how it could
Not confine him there, but was unseal'd
By angels, that the Holy One might

Plume his radiant wings and upward soar,
To take his wonted seat high on his Throne
Of glory—there to complete the errand
Of his love.
Dear venerated one, I
See thee now as then I saw; thy mild eyes
Beaming with benignant love. Yes, *still I'll*
Think of thee, and love thee still. Tho' I may
Hear thy welcome footstep in my home no
More, to fill my heart with gladness, nor thy
Voice of fervent prayer. Ah! it is hush'd
In death. And though thou art in heav'n,
Methinks thou bidst me still God's speed; as
I kneel at even-tide for prayers, close
By the spot from whence thy spirit fled, I
Seem to hear thy voice again, in tones more
Silvery far and sweet, bidding me live alone
To God, and close my eyes on earth. This
Conscious feeling of thy presence makes
Me long to clasp thy beckoning hand,
And rise with thee to share the bliss above.

Dear father, guide, adieu! I'll strive to live
As thou dids't live, with conscience pure, that
With thee, I may share the raptures of
Ethereal spirits, and the ceaseless
Smile of God, when life's tumultuous scenes
Are o'er. A. R. R.

January 12, 1843.

THE STREAM OF DEATH.

There is a stream, whose narrow tide
The known and unknown worlds divide,
Where all must go;
Its waveless waters dark and deep,
Midst sullen silence downward sweep,
With moanless flow.

I saw where, at the dreary flood,
A smiling infant prattling stood,
Whose hour was come;
Untaught of ill, it neared the tide,
Sunk, as to cradle rest, and died
Like going home.

Followed with languid eye anon,
A youth diseased, and pale, and wan;
And there alone
He gazed upon the leaden stream
And feared to plunge—I heard a scream,
And he was gone.

And then a form in manhood strength
Came bustling on, till there at length
He saw life's bound;
He shrunk, and raised the bitter prayer
Too late—his shriek of wild despair
The waters drowned.

Next stood upon that surgeless shore,
A being bowed with many a score
Of toilsome years;
Earth bound and sad, he left the bank,
Back turned his dimning eye, and sank,
Ah! full of fears.

How bitter must thy waters be,
Oh, death! How hard a thing, ah me!
It is to die!
I mused—when to that stream again
Another child of mortal man,
With smiles drew nigh.—

"'Tis the last pang," he calmly said,
"To me, oh death! thou hast no dread;
Saviour I come!
Spread but thine arms on yonder shore—
I see!—ye waters, bear me o'er!
There is my home."

New York Paper.

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